

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

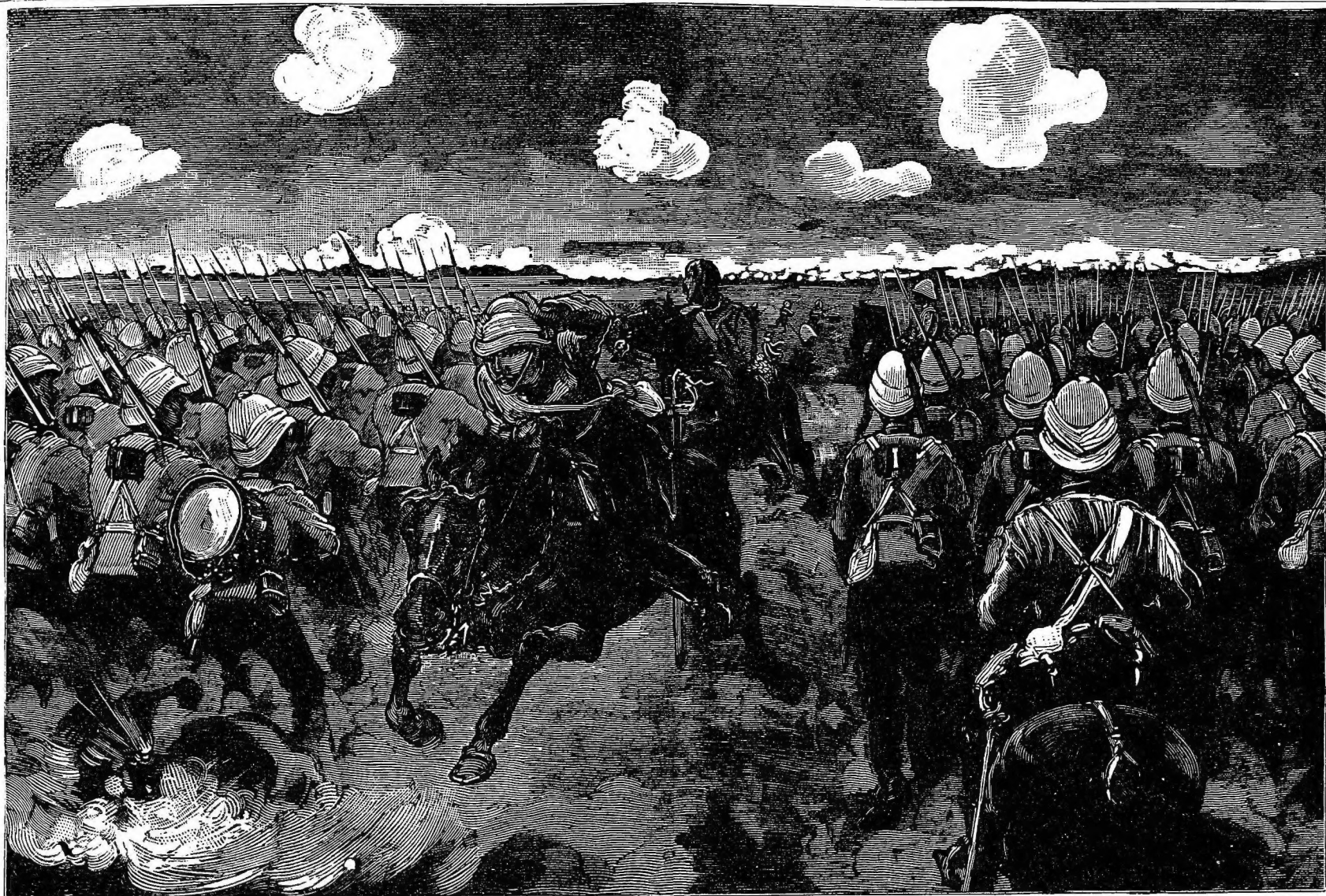
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THE ADVANCE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S BRIGADE, TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13
The Grenadier Guards Going into Action for the First Time Since the Crimean War, from a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



OUR INDIAN CONTINGENT—THE 13TH BENGAL LANCERS
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

THE WAR IN EGYPT

Topics of the Week

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT GLASGOW.—During the present week Sir Stafford Northcote has made a vigorous attempt to sustain the courage of his party. His task was not a very easy one, for unquestionably the Government have more than recovered the ground which they had lost, or were supposed to have lost, several months ago. The enthusiasm evoked by the battle of Tel-el-Kebir has, indeed, cooled a little; and it is important to remember that a good many Radicals have disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's policy in Egypt from the beginning, although they have not chosen to harass him by giving full expression to their discontent. Still, the nation as a whole is thoroughly satisfied with what has been done, and in all that relates to the Egyptian question the Prime Minister is likely to receive the steady support of the vast majority of those who have hitherto followed him. Possibly, as Sir Stafford Northcote insisted, the necessity for armed intervention might not have arisen if the Government had acted energetically at an earlier stage; and it may be that some details in the preparations for the campaign are open to criticism. But in presence of a great military success, few persons are inclined to give much attention to past errors; the country would prefer to be instructed as to the best method of overcoming the difficulties by which it is still confronted. It is not only in their dealings with Egypt that the Government have prospered; they are profiting also by various indications that Ireland is a little tired of incessant agitation, and does not respond very heartily to fresh appeals from the chiefs of the Land League. Altogether, therefore, Sir Stafford Northcote must have felt that nothing he could say would seriously damage his opponents; and least of all could he hope to weaken their hold over Scotland. The Tories are powerfully represented among the Scotch professional classes, as was shown at the time of the last general election by the voting at the Universities; but the bulk of the Scottish people have always gone with the Liberals, and there never was a Liberal leader to whom they were more ardently devoted than they are to Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford Northcote displayed some pluck in attacking one of the strongholds of Liberalism; but when we say that his assault was a proper manifestation of courage, we probably exhaust its immediate significance.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—If matters go pretty smoothly with the Ministry this autumn, they will probably next February introduce a Bill to create a municipality for the larger London which has gradually expanded from the mediæval nucleus commonly called "the City." It is the fashion with some Radical Reformers to talk of this as one of the most pressing reforms of the day, but this view is not borne out by facts. It is quite true that the existing method—or rather absence of method—by which the municipal business of London is transacted, is most anomalous; but somehow it happens that Englishmen get on very well with anomalous systems. The paving, the drainage, the gas and water supply, the protection afforded against thieves and fire—these are the municipal matters in which the average citizen is chiefly interested. They are certainly managed less perfectly in London than they might be, but they are probably managed as well, and as reasonably in point of cost, as in the great cities of the Continent. As for America, an average New Yorker would only be too happy to import some of our Guildhall mediævalism, such as Gog and Magog and the City Remembrancer, if thereby he could ensure for the big town on Manhattan Island as pure and efficient a Government as London both within and without the City enjoys. We make these remarks, not with the view of postponing all reforms, but to show that reform must be introduced cautiously and discreetly. The practical problem, of course, will be the amalgamation of the respective powers of the City Corporation and of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Corporation possesses antiquity, a world-wide prestige, and an immense indirect influence, but it actually rules over a very small (though a very important and wealthy) bit of the real London. The Board of Works possesses neither antiquity nor prestige, but it is pre-eminently a useful body. In a private gentleman's establishment, it sometimes happens that a young man who is taken on to help the gardener hoe potatoes and so forth, proves to be a most handy, willing fellow. Thenceforward all sorts of jobs are thrust upon him. He rubs down horses, milks cows, drives the pony-chaise for visitors from the railway station, whitewashes the kitchen, and waits at table during a dinner party. Such a handy young man deserves promotion, and the Board of Works deserves promotion also. If the Government can create a Municipality which will combine the advantages of these two bodies; and can, on the other hand, avoid bringing into existence a Municipality which will become a hot-bed of political intrigue and jobbery; they will have accomplished a rare piece of work. For the success with which the great provincial municipalities are administered teaches us little about the wilderness of houses called London. We Londoners are such a congregation of fortuitous atoms that the genuine municipal spirit can scarcely be said to exist amongst us.

THE NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR AT OXFORD.—It seems certain that the Master of Balliol will be the new Vice-

Chancellor at Oxford. The duties of a Vice-Chancellor are not very generally understood, but it is certain that the Master, in a becoming costume of red and black, will take many constitutional in the society of bedells armed with silver pokers. No more majestic dignity can be conceived of by the academic fancy. Here is a change from the times when Oxford tried to starve out the Professor of Greek by the simple plan of not paying him his salary, on the ground that no faith should be kept with heretics. The University pulpit was also closed against Mr. Jowett, so he had large and fashionable audiences in Balliol Chapel. He has outlived the times of this silly persecution, and is reaping the worldly reward of his devotion to the causes of truth and of education. His College has increased immensely in numbers, is the home of Buddhist, Islamite, and, for all we know, serpent-worshipping students, and is, even more easily than of old, foremost in the schools. Meanwhile, the Master has attained to almost heroic dignity, for myths are told now about him which were current about one of his predecessors. It was *not* the present Master who said to an undergraduate asking leave to "go down" to his grandmother's funeral, "I could wish, sir, it had been a nearer relation."

ENGLAND'S TASK IN EGYPT.—The English Government have not yet submitted to the Powers a definite scheme for the reorganisation of Egypt, and they will probably be in no hurry to commit themselves to any particular set of proposals. For the present the work of England in Egypt must be limited to the restoration and the maintenance of order. Unfortunately this duty is not likely to be so simple as a good many people supposed it would be after Arabi's defeat. The truth is that we are heartily disliked by the Egyptians, who, whether they sympathised with the revolt or not, naturally resent the occupation of their country by foreign troops. Baker Pasha is of opinion that the Egyptian Government should at once proceed to form a body of police (to be composed of Albanians) and a new army (to be recruited anywhere except in Egypt). His suggestion may be adopted; but clearly it affords no ground for hope that the English force may be speedily withdrawn. The Khédive could not have perfect confidence in the support of an Albanian army and a native police; and the chances are that if we were to accept such a solution we should have to fight another Arabi in less than six months after our departure. We have made ourselves in every sense responsible for the condition of Egypt, and it is certain that we must not, and will not, leave it until its new institutions, whatever they may be, have been placed on a sure basis. England may congratulate herself that, as long as the existing possibilities of disorder continue, no other Power is likely to manifest the slightest desire to interfere with her. She alone had courage to intervene at the moment of danger, and it is universally recognised that on her exclusively devolves the duty of preparing the way for the final settlement. What that settlement will be no one can precisely foretell; but the chances of its being a satisfactory settlement are improved by the fact that Europe will have ample time for reflection on the subject. We may even hope that if there be considerable delay the French will begin by and by to doubt whether, after all, they would benefit to any considerable extent by the revival of the Joint Control.

UNDER THE RED LAMP.—The Medical Schools have reopened this week, and professors and lecturers are once more engaged in converting Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen (who are by no means so extinct nowadays as Dr. King Chambers would have us believe) into regularly-qualified medical practitioners. Boys at school, who regard the life of lesser boys from the Elysian height of the Sixth Form, are apt to fancy that bullying is not so common as it was; and so doctors, sober and smug, and on the wrong side of five-and-thirty, imagine that young men who come up to study the noble art of healing are as little inclined for freaks and frolics as their solemn selves. Enough, however, of this; it is more pertinent here to remark that Dickens's medical heroes, in spite of their idleness and vagaries, did contrive to pass the Schools. But a good many young men, of this non-studious or racketty type, never manage to climb over the examinational barriers erected in Burlington House or Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some go utterly to the bad; some drift into other lines of life; while some become assistants to qualified men. It is a great temptation to a student who has reached his fourth or fifth year, and whose father is grumbling because he does not pass, to make some money by taking an assistantcy. The assistantcy leaves him very little time for reading, and so year after year glides away, and he feels as unfit as ever to face the Examiners. But he has now, if a decently-behaved and fairly-intelligent fellow, ripened into a recognised though humble member of the profession—the unqualified assistant. He even boldly advertises that he is *sine diplomâ* (it somehow sounds rather distinguished when put into Latin), and there is a regular market for his services. Doctors can get him cheap, and his lack of qualification shields them from the danger of his setting up as a rival practitioner. To the public the advantages of the unqualified assistant are less obvious. Qualified men make mistakes; he is still more likely to make them. His diagnosis is not always correct; he may mistake pleuro-pneumonia for scarlet fever with fatal results, and yet the public go to him because they believe that a red lamp implies medical skill. The law needs altering. At present no man is legally a doctor unless he is

qualified, but an unqualified man can practise without penalty provided he does not describe himself as a regularly-qualified person. The public are ignorant, and if it becomes advisable the non-qualified man can easily satisfy them by the purchase of some highly-sounding degree in Germany or America.

WORKING MEN AND THE CHURCH.—It was right that this should form one of the earliest subjects of discussion at the Church Congress; for the Church evidently falls far short of its duty if it fails to influence the working classes, and it is well known that there is no section of the community which it has so much difficulty in reaching. All the speakers who dealt with the question admitted that workmen, as a rule, seem to care very little about either the Church or its services. At the same time there was a general disposition to deny that this springs from the prevalence of what are called Secularist opinions among the working classes. The subject is one about which it is difficult to arrive at a decided opinion; and it may be doubted whether all the evidence bearing on the matter is accessible to the clergy, or whether, if it were so, they would estimate it impartially. The alienation of workmen from the Church was attributed by several authorities to inefficient preaching; and this must, no doubt, be taken into account. The British working man is eminently practical, and he is certainly not attracted by religious teaching which consists of moral and theological platitudes. Perhaps, too, as other speakers thought, he is repelled by the coldness with which the services are sometimes conducted, and occasionally by their excessive length. The chief cause of the present state of things, however, must be sought for in the notion that the Church is adapted only for well-off people. That such a belief as this should spring up about an institution which is bound by its most vital laws to devote special attention to the poor is almost grotesque; nevertheless, it is a belief which has taken deep root. And it affects not only the Church of England, but every kind of Dissenting community—excepting some of the Methodist bodies and the Salvation Army. If the clergy really wish to regain the confidence of working men, they must begin by showing that, in questions relating to religion, there is no distinction of classes; and, in order to do this effectually, it will be necessary for them to produce a very considerable change of feeling among some of their most ardent supporters.

DR. RICHARDSON ON CLEANLINESS.—There is no more enthusiastic rider of the sanitary hobby than the accomplished delineator of Hygeiopolis, and everybody who heard or read his excellent homily on the above subject at Newcastle-on-Tyne must have felt how dirty as a mass we English are, though in point of personal cleanliness we are at least on a par with other nations. The diligent tubbing and scrubbing which is supposed to characterise what Jeames called "the hupper suckles," has it is to be feared, not penetrated far downwards in society; the parts which are out of sight are neglected; and there are a good many fairly and even well-dressed men and women, who would be shy, without previous notice, of submitting their naked feet to inspection. But though cleanliness is a very charming characteristic, and the want of it most objectionable to reasonably fastidious persons, we venture to doubt if it and Health are so closely allied as Dr. Richardson declares. There are some stubborn facts the other way. "One of the great causes," says Dr. Richardson, "of disease and decay of the teeth is uncleanness." But is this so? Polite society suffers far more from bad teeth than savages do, yet polite society uses all sorts of dentifrices, of which savages are innocent. We once knew an old man who had been a bandsman during the Peninsular War. At seventy-three his teeth were all sound and all in his jaws, he never had used a tooth-brush, but rinsed his mouth out with cold water; and occasionally, if his gums felt swollen, he pricked them with a thorn to make them bleed. Again, Dr. Richardson ought to know something of the Jews. Bodily cleanliness is certainly not the strong point of the lower class of Jews, yet in Petticoat Lane and other equally unsavoury localities, they are far more plump and well-looking than their so-called Christian neighbours. Some of the Jewish emigrants from Russia have lately been described as indescribably filthy, yet of exceptionally vigorous vitality. Of course, if this vitality is due simply to the fact of their being of Jewish race, other races can learn nothing useful from the fact. But is it not more likely that this power of living and looking blooming and healthy in uninviting localities is due to the Jewish domestic life? They are very careful in the selection and preparation of their food, and, as a rule, they live more regular, orderly, family lives than many of their neighbours. To conclude: Let us all be as clean as possible, but do not let us attribute to Cleanliness merits which are independent of her.

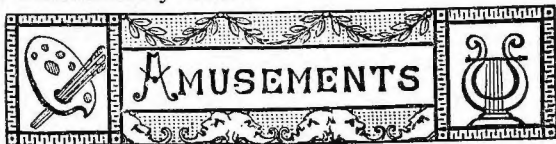
SHOOTING AT SIGHT.—In a cheerful account of American journalism, called "Our Press Gang," a citizen of the United States some time since drew up a record of American duels. We had imagined that the American editors' touch on the revolver was losing its lightness and freedom from lack of practice; but this theory was optimistic and erroneous. They still shoot very much at large in Hot Springs City. Mr. Charles Matthews is a distinguished man of letters, who edits the *Hot Springs Daily Hornet*, a paper with a very nice name. Like other journalists, Mr. Matthews is not beloved by colonels. General Tufto would have "hanged every literary fellow." Colonels Rugg and Fordyce have been

shooting one ornament of the Press. These martialists met the editor of the *Daily Hornet*, and Colonel Rugg asked why the *Hornet* buzzed at his (the colonel's) family. Matthews replied with a pistol-shot; Colonel Fordyce struck in (literally) with a stick, and Matthews retreated, firing as he fled, like the Parthians. One of his bullets hit Colonel Rugg, who then fired at the editor in his flight, with such success that the editor of the *Hot Springs City Daily Hornet* fell dead on the spot. Not long ago he was shot in the mouth in Austin City, and was also wounded in two places by the Mayor of an American town. "Society journalism" may be lucrative; but it has also its perils—in America.

CELTS AND CELTIC DIALECTS.—A journal is about to be started in Ireland for the purpose of fostering the study of Gaelic. If the object of the supporters of the scheme be to induce the Irish people to abandon the use of the English language, they must be prepared for plenty of ridicule, and what will be harder to bear—complete failure. Whether for good or for evil, English has become the speech of the great majority of Irishmen; and a scheme for replacing it by a Celtic dialect would be almost as practicable as a proposal for reviving the social and political system of the age of St. Patrick. The aim of those who have planned the new journal is, however, we presume, scarcely so unreasonable; and if all that they intend is to encourage Irishmen to study the language and literature of their Celtic forefathers, they thoroughly deserve to succeed. For our part, we believe that wherever a Celtic dialect is spoken—whether in Ireland, in Scotland, or in Wales—it ought to be carefully taught in schools. There are still districts of the United Kingdom where English is never heard except from a passing visitor; and it is hard that in such districts the people should not learn at least to read their native tongue. In these days, when everybody is becoming so like everybody else, one would wish Celtic to be preserved—if for nothing else—for the sake of picturesque effect; but there are more solid reasons for the course we advocate. Instruction in Celtic would open new sources of enjoyment to a good many persons who have at present but few pleasures; and everybody knows that it would be favourable to the progress of philological science.

AGAINST REPLY POSTCARDS.—Some people, we are told, do not answer letters either through lack of courtesy, or for some less explicable reason. It is supposed that these sinners will be converted from their ways by the reply postcards. We doubt it. The case-hardened procrastinator will not procrastinate the less because a ha'porth of card, useless except for correspondence, is thrust under his nose. And setting aside mere procrastinators, the people who don't answer letters have usually good reasons of their own for not answering them. The letters of duns and of would-be borrowers belong to this description. Our complaint is that the reply postcard will probably involve us, and a good many other busy and innocent people, in a quantity of additional and unnecessary correspondence. Nobody who has not sat in the easy (?) chair of an editor, can know how numerous and persistent bores are. We will only mention three of the varieties which infest us either personally or by letter,—the composer of poetry, the inventor, and the man who wants to get his name before the public. These are the beings who will buy the reply postcards freely, and we shall have to use the answer-halves. Oh! Mr. Fawcett, we think you are the best Postmaster-General which this generation has seen, but why did you do us this evil turn?

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing SKETCHES by our SPECIAL ARTISTS of the CAPTURE of TEL-EL-KEBIR and the OCCUPATION of CAIRO.



LYCEUM.—MORNING PERFORMANCE AND LAST REPRESENTATION OF ROMEO AND JULIET, To-day (SATURDAY), at Two o'clock. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling. On WEDNESDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 11th, at a Quarter to Eight o'clock. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Box Office, Mr. Hurst, Open Daily, 10 to 5.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 7 (Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday excepted), EAST LYNE. Mesdames Ruby Drayton, Howe, Eversleigh, Newham; Messrs. Auguste Creamer, Lrayton, Steadman, Bigwood, Forsyth, Hodges. INCIDENTALS. Professor Peter Johnson and Payne. Daughters, in their Wonderful Aquatic Entertainment, Devoni, Langdon, and Payne. Concluding (Wednesday and Saturday excepted) with KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. —Wednesday, Benefit of Messrs. Jacobs and Clark.—Friday. OTHELLO.—Saturday. THE SHAUGRAUN and IDLE JACK.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On MONDAY EVENING, October 16, Madame Norman-Néruda; MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatto will appear. Pianoforte, Mdlle. Janotha. Vocalist, Miss Carlotta Elliot. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. At Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—FIRST CONCERT of the SEASON, on SATURDAY AFTERNOON October 21, when Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatto will perform. Pianoforte, Mdlle. Janotha. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Accompanist, Mr. Zerbini. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. At Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON and MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, October 12, at Eight o'clock, this being positively the last appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson previous to her departure for America. Artists: Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Clements, Miss Spencer Jones, and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Santley, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. Barrington Foot, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Sydney Naylor. The full Military Band of the Second Life Guards, under the direction of Mr. W. Winterbottom (by permission of the Commanding Officer).—Boxes, two to five guineas. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 2s., and 500 admissions, 1s., at Royal Albert Hall, usual Agents, and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

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J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice has become an Honorary Member of this Society. Her sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, who has been a member for some years, has sent pictures to more than one of the Society's Exhibitions, but with the exception of the very beautiful Birth-day Book, published from designs by the Princess Beatrice, the general public have had no opportunities of appreciating H.R.H.'s ability in Art. But now, as her work will be shown at the forthcoming Exhibitions of the Institute, all who take an interest in Art will look forward to the satisfaction of seeing what she can do. It is not one of the least pleasing traits in the Royal Family that its members should take so great an interest in artistic matters. The Institute is about to inaugurate a new era in Water Colour exhibitions. It has been the custom to admit only the works of members, but the Institute intend for the future to open their Galleries on the same rules as those of the Royal Academy, so that any one may send in pictures. The Institute of Painters in Water Colours has existed for forty-eight years, and has held its exhibitions during that time at 53, Pall Mall. The removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, as well as the opening of so many Art Galleries in Bond Street, has taken the stream of visitors in that direction; this, with the necessity of more extended wall space, has led the Institute to look out for a new home. A piece of ground was found in Piccadilly, nearly opposite Burlington House, and the Piccadilly Art Galleries Company was formed, to construct the building, which is now completed, and will be an imposing addition to the structures in the neighbourhood. The Institute have a lease of the Galleries, and next spring it will receive pictures under the new conditions, and will open some time about the beginning of May, with what is hoped will be the largest and best exhibition of Water Colour Art that has yet been seen in London.



THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT

THE ADVANCE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S BRIGADE,
TEL-EL-KEBIR

THE Brigade of Grenadier Guards under the command of the Duke of Connaught were stationed in the second line of the British army during the attack on Tel-el-Kebir as supports to General Willis's Infantry Brigade. Though not nominally in the post of danger, as the assault was naturally begun by the first rank, the Guards suffered far more in proportion from the enemy's fire, owing to the Egyptians, who had some vague inkling of an approaching attack, having sighted their guns for 2,000 yards, never dreaming that the British troops could advance closer to their lines unperceived. The first line, however, had advanced to within 1,200 yards before they were discovered, and consequently the shot flew over their heads, and into the ranks of their supports behind. "As they (the Guards) lay 1,000 yards behind," writes the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "itching to be in with their bayonets, shell and shot fell rapidly into their ranks, and it was a cruel time, for no blow could be struck in return. Several times, when the storming line seemed wavering, the Guards were on the point of rushing into the *mêlée*, and the gallant young Duke of Connaught, who sat imperturbed on his horse amidst the rain of bullets, must surely have been much exercised to restrain the sturdy Brigade from joining in the hand-to-hand fray. *En passant*, let a word of sincere tribute be paid to the Royal Prince, whose example has been excellent, and his bearing what it was sure to be from first to last in this campaign."

THE 13TH BENGAL LANCERS

OUR Indian Contingent, under General Macpherson, has done good service during the campaign, and by the excellent manner in which they were equipped, and the simple and admirable organisation of their transport and commissariat arrangements, have been enabled to execute exceedingly rapid marches and manoeuvres. Indeed, the officers of the British regiments had good cause to envy their colleagues of the Indian Division for many reasons, as the Indians are splendid cooks, and turn out the most succulent *menu* possible out of ration meat, onions, and chutnee, while their troops, accustomed to the simple diet of rice, millet, and *dal*, which they were able to obtain with far less delay and trouble than their British comrades their more complicated rations, fared exceedingly well throughout the campaign. Thus the sickness amongst the Indians was reduced to a minimum. The Indian troops also mainly marched through the night, and rested during the day, thus avoiding all unnecessary exposure to the broiling sun. At the battle of Tel-el-Kebir the Indians did good service in storming the extreme right of Arabi's position, and, as one of our sketches shows, in pursuing the fugitives, but their great achievement was the rapid manner in which they subsequently pushed on to Zagazig and captured the trains in the station. A battle, a march of thirty miles, and the capture of a town, are certainly no mean achievements even for Indian troops, whose rapid movements, remarks the *Times* correspondent, are due in a great measure "to the remarkable thoroughness of their departmental arrangements. Every movement of the troops seems to cause a corresponding motion in those branches of the service on which the men depend for their material wants, and thus the Indian soldier finds himself always tended and always ready for action." Perhaps one of the results of the campaign may be that our own authorities may not be above taking some lessons in transport arrangements from the Anglo-Indians.

ARABI'S CAMP THE DAY AFTER THE FIGHT

THIS shows the appearance of the Egyptian camp at Tel-el-Kebir on September 14th, when we had somewhat counted up the spoils, which amounted to a whole standing camp for 20,000 men, with full amount of provisions, arms, kit, &c., for that number, together with large numbers of camels and horses. Fifty-eight guns had been captured, as well as many standards, notably one by Lord St. Vincent, aide-de-camp to Sir Baker Russell. The camp teemed with all possible comforts and luxuries, of which our troops were not slow to avail themselves, putting the eatables quickly out of sight, and masquerading in the light flowing garments of the Egyptian warriors.

"VICTORY!"

THIS sketch, by an officer of the Royal Marines, depicts the scene immediately after the capture of the Tel-el-Kebir lines. He writes, "We opened fire and advanced in rushes up to the works, while the Highlanders broke in on our left. On arriving at the breastwork and ditch, the Reserves closed up with a cheer, and we all got in together, when it was all over with the Egyptians. They broke, and streamed across the desert in a huge scattered crowd, followed by our men, cheering and firing. After ten minutes or a quarter of an hour of this we formed line and continued our advance, the artillery and cavalry following the moment the infantry took the lines. The artillery now opened fire on the retreating enemy, and about two miles further on some of the cavalry got among them and literally cut them to pieces. The desert was littered for miles with bodies and arms and accoutrements."

BRINGING UP THE GUNS—TEL-EL-KEBIR

THE Artillery Brigade at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir formed the centre of the attacking army, and consisted of 42 guns, under General Goodenough. Owing to the sudden onslaught of our troops the artillery did not play such an important part as in previous actions, but it still did good service, especially in opening fire upon the retreating Egyptians, and thus rendering their rout complete.

PRISONERS AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

"THIS drawing," writes an officer, "depicts a group of the prisoners of whom, I believe, some 3,000 were captured. They, however, had apparently been on fatigue duty, as they all had large Egyptian hoes when captured. In the rear appear two of the Krupp guns which were taken."

OUR WOUNDED IN EGYPT

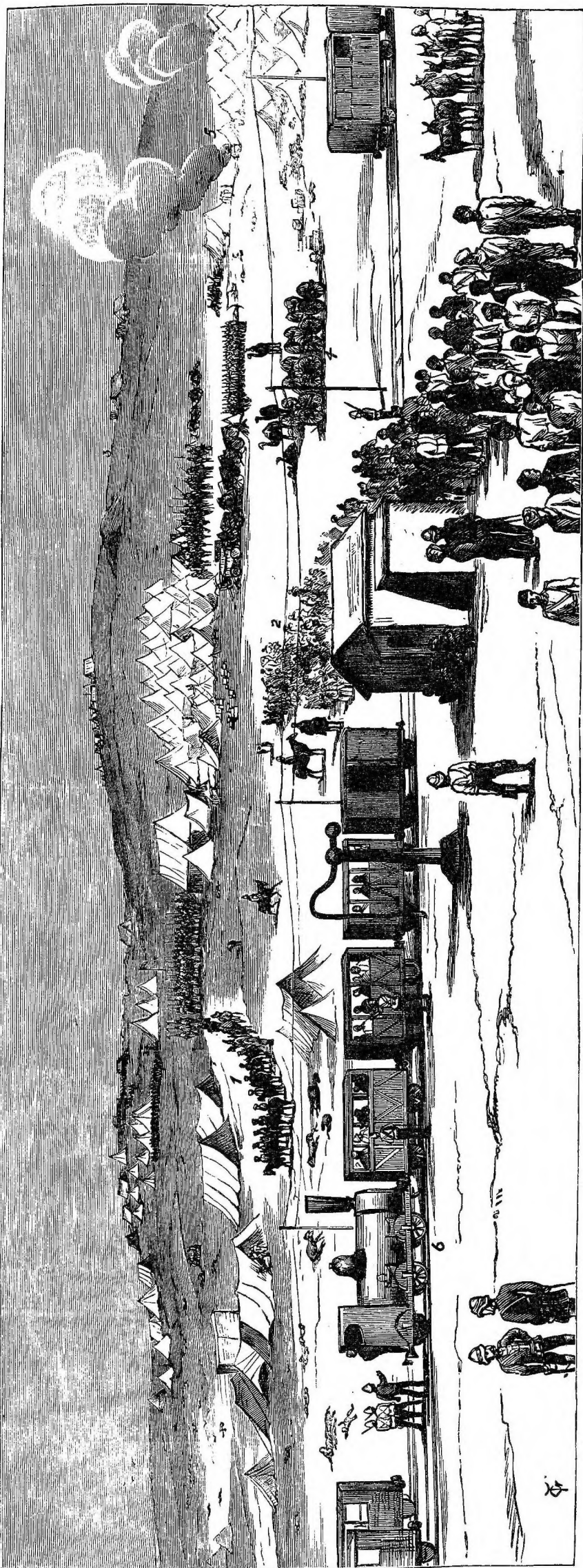
THE Base Hospital at Ismailia has been the dépôt for the sick and wounded throughout the line of advance—such men as were rendered *hors de combat* being conveyed thither either by means of the Fresh-Water Canal, or by the less comfortable and expeditious way of train. The sketch in question shows a Life-guardsmen somewhat in clover: a pretty negress is fanning him and keeping off that inevitable plague of Egypt, the flies; a Wesleyan minister is administering to his spiritual wants; his physical necessities being attended to by a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO CAIRO

HERE we have a distinguished group, sketched by one of our special artists at the Tel-el-Kebir Station on the day after the battle, General Wolseley starting for Cairo, by way of Zagazig, by a somewhat prosaic conveyance for a conqueror—a railway train. He was accompanied by Sir John Acland and the Dukes of Connaught and



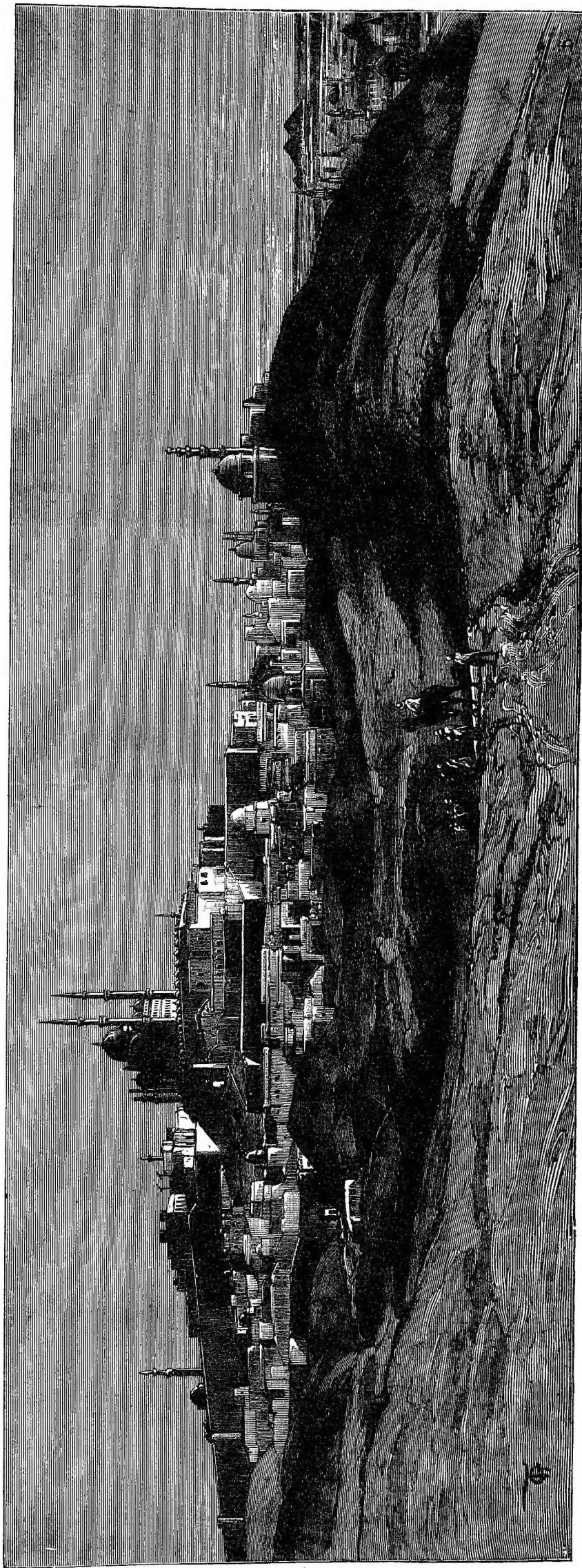
THE CZAR AT MOSCOW: THE ENTRY OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA INTO THE KREMLIN



1. Horses Going to Water at the Canal.—2. Releasing Egyptian Prisoners.—3. Trenches and Redoubts Captured by the Highland Brigade.—4. Captured Guns.—5. Firing the Enemy's Ammunition.—6. Train Seized by the Bengal Cavalry.

ARABI'S CAMP AT TEL-EL-KEBIR THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPT. 13

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



CAIRO FROM THE RUBBISH MOUNDS

THE WAR IN EGYPT

Teck. Their arrival at Cairo Railway Station was illustrated last week. Our artist writes:—"We were kept waiting four hours. We sat on the seats, with the odour of the battle-fields in our nostrils, which, together with the frequent sandstorms and the millions of flies, made the situation anything but pleasant."

HAIR-CUTTING IN CAMP

This is a sketch in the camp of the Irish Fusiliers, and needs no explanation.

A TORPEDO BOAT ON THE SUEZ CANAL IN AN AMBUSCADE

"This event," writes a naval officer, "occurred on August 23rd. The *Iris* torpedo boat was proceeding down the Canal from Ismailia towards Suez, when the look-out man sighted a party of men upon the embankment. Preparations were made for an attack, and the boat was turned with her stern towards the supposed danger. She then steamed full speed astern, prepared, if necessary, to run the gauntlet of the Egyptian fire. The officer in charge had received orders not to run any risks, it being important that his boat should be kept in serviceable condition. When she arrived within 150 yards of the spot whence the attack was expected, a heavy fire was opened upon her, and for a few minutes the boat continued to proceed up the Canal, those on board hoping to be soon out of range of what they believed to be merely an outlying picket. Unfortunately the fire became hotter, and more black visages showed themselves on the embankment, so that at last the officer in command deemed it his duty to proceed out of harm's way, being outnumbered fifty to one, and with the further disadvantage that, whereas the Egyptians were safe behind their sandbanks, his lightly-built vessel was perfectly at the mercy of every rifle bullet, the steel plates, 1-16th of an inch thick, being quite insufficient to keep them out."

THE BLOCKADE OF FORT DAMIETTA

"On September 22nd," writes a naval officer, "after assisting at the surrender and the disabling of the guns of Fort Ghemileh, the *Iris*, Captain Seymour, with gun vessels *Beacon* and *Decoy*, were despatched to Damietta, there to maintain a strict blockade, and co-operate with the land forces under General Sir Evelyn Wood in obtaining the surrender of the fort, which was strong in guns, and held in considerable force by the rebels."

"Some twenty-four vessels, principally Egyptian, were boarded, and orders given that no communication was to be held with the shore; these were for the most part cheerfully acquiesced in, though the majority of the ships were laden with stores for the troops; one vessel only requiring a blank charge fired across her bows to make her understand the forcibility of the order."

"The following day, on Captain Seymour's going close in shore to reconnoitre, it was found that the troops, some thousands in number, had evacuated the place on seeing the approach of our ships. The keys of the magazines were tendered, and the arms of the soldiers were found to be carefully piled in the forts. In short, the few officers who remained were only too anxious that we should as soon as possible occupy the place of their vacated garrison."

THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO

"One hundred and fifty men, fifty mounted infantry, and one hundred dragoons, commanded by Captain Varley and Captain Watson, R.E.," writes our artist, "rode up to the Citadel of Cairo at 10 P.M. on September 14, and the entire garrison, consisting of six thousand troops, laid down their arms, and marched out. The British troops were dismounted and drawn up in two lines inside the first gateway; the Egyptians laid down their arms in the inner courtyard, and marched out through the second gate, together with a number of camels and donkeys, turning to the left as directed by a Turkish officer in blue, who stood as I have depicted him in the sketch." The bloodless capture of the Egyptian capital by General Drury-Lowe and his handful of men, and the subsequent occupation of the chief points, is certainly one of the greatest events of the campaign. The troops were taken to the citadel by a circuitous route in order to avoid any chance of a stray shot which might have set the whole city in a blaze, and rendered the situation of our small force exceedingly hazardous. The Egyptian soldiers, however, appeared thoroughly cowed, and the correspondent of a contemporary states that they passed out of the various positions as our troops entered, in some cases bringing all they had, and laying it down at the feet of the officers of Dragoon Guards, of whom in particular they seemed greatly in awe.

WRITING HOME

HERE we have two men of the Irish Fusiliers writing their home letters, having ingeniously erected little bowers of palm-leaves to shelter themselves from the sun. The writer also is further protected from the flies by a gauze veil over his head.

THE OCCUPATION OF FORT GHEMILEH

Fort Ghemileh was occupied on September 21st, the garrison, who had been abandoned by their officers, surrendering at the first summons, but before our men could enter the fort the Egyptians had taken to flight in boats across Lake Menzaleh towards Damietta. Had the garrison refused to surrender the fort would have been bombarded by the gunboats *Severn* and *Decoy*, whose men are shown in our sketch. After dismounting the guns our men left the fort, and repaired to Port Said, as it was not intended to maintain a garrison there.

CAIRO FROM THE RUBBISH MOUNDS, AND THE SLAVE MARKET, CAIRO

SEVERAL engravings of Cairo have lately appeared in these pages, and this week we give two more. The rubbish heaps which press close to the walls of the city, here and there even burying them, are not in themselves picturesque, but the view of the city from them is striking. Cairo, in spite of the fact that under the reforming Khédive Ismail it was largely "Haussmannised," is still

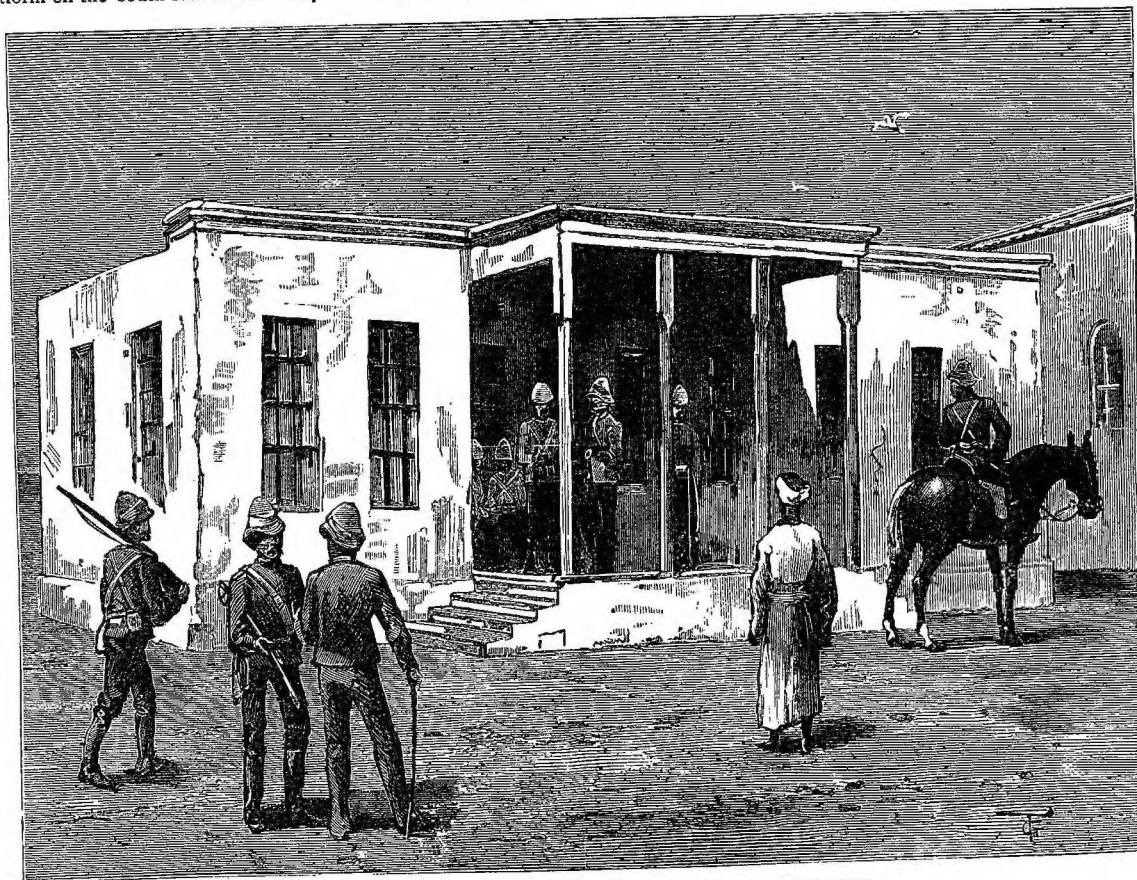
an Oriental city. Its narrow streets, its many mosques, its lofty citadel, its strange sights, smells, and sounds, are all full of suggestions of romance. The view of the city from the top of the



THE WAR IN EGYPT—HAIR CUTTING IN CAMP

From a Sketch taken by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson, in the Camp of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, Ismailia

rubbish heaps shown in the engraving on page 349 is not so fine as the famous one, so highly praised by Miss Martineau, from the platform on the south side of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, but it is



THE WAR IN EGYPT—ARABI'S PRISON, ABASSYIEH BARRACKS
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

nevertheless extensive. The city itself, with its multitudinous domes and minarets, is just before the spectator, while in the distance the eye can range along the Nile and across the desert to



THE WAR IN EGYPT—WRITING HOME

From a Sketch taken by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson, in the Camp of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, Ismailia

the Pyramids of Ghizeh. Our engraving on page 364 gives us a glimpse of one of the baser sides of Oriental life. Domestic slavery—the slavery of the harem—still flourishes vigorously in the Egyptian capital. On this point the use and wont of centuries, and the deeply-ingrained belief of the Mahomedan that divine preroga-

tive entitles him to three, four, or more wives (if he can afford to keep them), has successfully contended against the anti-slavery proposals of European diplomatists. Nubian, Circassian, and Abyssinian women are still in great demand, though representations from the West have done something to suppress sales in open market. As will be seen from our engraving the old slave market is now in an almost ruinous state.—The engraving of Cairo from the rubbish mounds is from a sketch by Mr. Frank Dillon, and that of the Slave Market is from a photograph by H. Béchard.

THE ALEXANDRIA FORTS AS THEY NOW ARE

INSTRUCTIVE as the bombardment of Alexandria was in many ways, it by no means settled the question of the resisting power of forts when opposed to heavy guns on board ironclads. The smooth-bore cannon, mounted in the forts so industriously made ready by Arabi, were really no match for the heavy rifled ordnance of Sir Beauchamp Seymour. Had the Egyptians possessed better cannon there is no doubt that the British ironclads would not have come so easily out of the fray. As matters were, the forts were very seriously damaged. A reference to the engravings on page 365 will serve to show the tremendous effect of the British fire. Forts Pharos and Mex were exposed to the heaviest attack during the bombardment of July 12th.—Our engravings are from photographs by P. Sébah, Cairo.

ARABI'S PRISON—ABASSYIEH

AFTER the surrender of Arabi and Toulba Pashas to General Drury-Lowe, which was depicted by one of our special artists in our issue for last week, those two leaders of the rebellion were conveyed to an outlying building of the Abassieh barracks, where they remained until conveyed to Cairo and placed in more luxurious quarters in the Abdin Palace, which they shared, though under somewhat different circumstances, with their conqueror, Sir Garnet Wolseley. The room in which they were confined at Abassieh is that with two windows, on the left of the sketch; and they were closely guarded during their brief residence there by a detachment of Mounted Infantry.

OFFICERS KILLED DURING THE CAMPAIGN

CAPTAIN JOHN CHARLES WARDELL, R.M.L.I., who fell at Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th ult., came of a military stock. He was the third son of the late Major W. H. Wardell of Jersey, who received a medal for the Java expedition in 1811. Another son, Captain G. V. Wardell, 24th regiment, fell at Isandula, and a third is Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Wardell, R.A. Captain Wardell was born at Quebec on the 23rd of November, 1846, entered the Royal Marines in 1865, and became captain in 1880. He was an officer of great energy and promise. He took a "First-Class Extra" at the School of Musketry, Hythe, and the highest certificate in gunnery on board the *Excellent*. His loss will be greatly felt by all who knew him, and much sympathy has been expressed for his young widow, who gave birth to a son on the very day of her husband's death, and for his aged mother, who has thus lost two sons in their country's service.

LIEUT. HENRY CHOLMELEY GRIBBLE (3rd Dragoon Guards), was the youngest son of the late Thomas Gribble, Esq., of Bohun Lodge, Herts. He was educated at Harrow, and obtained his commission May 26, 1879. When the expedition to Egypt was sent out, Lieut. Gribble volunteered for it, and was attached to the 7th Dragoon Guards. After the occupation of Kassassin, August 28th, it was discovered that he was missing, and his body was not found till the action at Kassassin, September 9, when it was buried with due honours. Lieut. Gribble was a very promising young officer, and his loss is most deeply regretted by his many friends and relatives.

MAJOR THOMAS COLVILLE, who was killed at Tel-el-Kebir September 13th, was the eldest son of the late Thomas Colville, Esq., of Annsfield, near Stirling. He was born on the 3rd of October, 1841, and in 1860 received an ensign's commission in the 63rd Foot. On the 19th July, 1864 he obtained his lieutenant's commission, and in the following October he exchanged into the 74th Foot (Highland Light Infantry), with which he was serving at the time of his death. In 1871 he became captain, and was promoted to be major on the 1st of July, 1881.

LIEUTENANT DUDLEY STUART KAYS, killed at Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th ult., was the eldest son of the late Martin Thomas Kays, Esq., of the Bombay Army. He was born in November, 1855, was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, and received his commission as sub-lieutenant (unattached) on September 21st, 1874. Soon after he was appointed to the 74th Foot (Highland Light Infantry), his commission bearing the same date, as did also his

lieutenant's commission, which he received not long afterwards. From March 16th, 1881, he had been Instructor of Musketry to his regiment.

COMMANDER WYATT RAWSON, whose promotion to that rank for "valuable and gallant services rendered at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th ult.," was only announced two days before his death, was born in 1853. In 1867 he was appointed a naval cadet, and in 1873 was promoted to be sub-lieutenant. He was Acting-Lieutenant on board the corvette *Active* during the Ashantee War, and was severely wounded at the battle of Amoafu. Being specially mentioned for his services there, he received the Ashantee medal, and was made Lieutenant. He served in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, and on his return received a second medal, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In 1877 he was appointed lieutenant to the *Alexandra*, and in October last to the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. He went to Egypt as Naval Aide-de-Camp to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and received a fatal wound at Tel-el-Kebir, from which he died on September 21st, on board the hospital-ship *Carthage* at Malta. Commander Rawson had received first-class certificates both for seamanship and gunnery.

MAJOR HENRY HARFORD STRONG, R.M.L.I., "was shot through the heart at Tel-el-Kebir, while most gallantly leading his fighting line up the glacis, within twenty yards of the enemy." He was born in 1840, and educated at the Royal Naval School, New Cross. In 1857 he entered the Royal Marines, becoming lieutenant in 1859, captain in 1872, and major in 1880. He served for some time in the Mediterranean, also as Adjutant of the Marine Depot, Walmer, and as Gunnery Instructor at Forton. He commanded the Marines in the reconnaissance of August 5th, and was specially mentioned for his services. He, too, came of a fighting family. His father, Commander Samuel Strong, grandfather, and five of his uncles were in the navy, and one of the latter was a midshipman on board the *Conqueror* at Trafalgar. Major Strong was very popular both with his brother officers and the men under him. He leaves a widow and five young children to mourn his loss.

Our engravings are from photographs. That of Major Colville is by Scott and Son, Carlisle; Captain Wardell, by G. West and Son, Gosport; Lieutenant Gribble, by Robinson and Sons, 65, Grafton Street, Dublin; Lieutenant Kays, by Ross and Pringle, 103, Princes Street, Edinburgh; Major Strong, by G. West and Son, 97, High Street, Gosport; Commander Wyatt Rawson, and by John Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT MOSCOW

THE relations between Sovereign and people in Russia are less satisfactory than they were six-and-twenty years ago. In September, 1856, despite the desolating war which had just taken place, Alexander II. was crowned with great pageantry, and amid the utmost enthusiasm and publicity, at Moscow. Whereas now the intended date of his successor's coronation is wrapped in mystery, owing to a well-grounded apprehension that the Nihilists may endeavour to signalise the occasion by some deed of horror.

Hence rumours that the coronation was about to take place have perpetually been circulated, and even good judges thought the important moment had arrived when, on the evening of the 19th ult., the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by their children and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius, and Paul, left Petershof by train for Moscow. All the Notables of Moscow and the neighbourhood were summoned to appear at the Kremlin, and the newly-appointed Metropolitan repaired to the city. Nevertheless, the expected ceremony did not take place, and it subsequently appeared that the visit to Moscow arose from a sudden resolution on the part of their Majesties to visit the Moscow Exhibition, which closed on the 1st inst.

The Imperial party reached Moscow safely, and on their way from the railway station to the Kremlin Palace were enthusiastically greeted by vast crowds of people. Before entering the Kremlin the Imperial couple alighted from their carriage, and entered the Iversky Chapel (Chapel of the Georgian Virgin), kissing the hand of the officiating clergyman on quitting the same. In the State Rooms of the Kremlin, where there was a large assemblage of the public, the Burgomaster presented an address of homage in the name of the city, and offered their Majesties bread and salt. Afterwards the Imperial party attended Divine service in the Cathedral, then visited the Convent of St. Michael, and went in the afternoon to the Petrowsky Palace. Next day the Emperor and Empress paid visits to several charitable institutions and educational institutes for ladies; afterwards the Emperor held a review (at which the Empress and the Prince of Montenegro were present) on the Chodin parade ground, and visited the Exhibition, every part of which he closely inspected, staying there till 8 P.M. During the Imperial visit the streets of Moscow were densely crowded, but order was maintained by volunteer corps formed by the citizens themselves, the police being scarcely anywhere visible. On the 22nd the Emperor and Empress again visited the Exhibition, and travelled by the electric railway.

The visit, which came to an end without any untoward occurrence, created great enthusiasm in the Moscow press. One paper says: "The Czar comes here as the lawful successor of his forefathers, and goes out from Moscow as the Anointed of God." Another journal, that of M. Katkoff, observes: "The Imperial power of Russia is full of more cares than any other on the earth, and the duties of the Russian Emperor are higher and greater than all his rights."

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 357.



THE WAR.—The return of sick and wounded from the late seat of war has been continued throughout the week. On Friday last the *Carthage* arrived at Portsmouth with eleven officers and ninety-seven non-commissioned officers and privates, and on Monday the *Orontes* with over 200 of soldiers, blue-jackets, and marines. A letter from Netley reminds the public that fruit, game, and amusing books will not be welcome in the military hospital. Of the regular troops the Household Cavalry will be the first to return, and will be followed in quick succession by the Horse Artillery, the Seaforth Highlanders and 1st Manchester Regiment, the York and Lancaster, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Foot Guards, and the Marines, excepting those now serving on board the squadron. A medal for the campaign will be issued as soon as possible. The design will be on the reverse side a Sphinx, with the word "Egypt" and the date 1882, and on the other side the Queen's head, as on the medal for the Ashantee War. A military tournament on Saturday at West Drayton, the residence of the Adjutant-General to the Forces, at which the officers of the Household Regiments not in Egypt, the 4th Hussars, and the 93rd Highlanders assisted, was a great success. The profits will be devoted to the families of the killed and wounded.

SPEECHES OUT OF PARLIAMENT have been more numerous than ever. At Newbury Lord Carnarvon wound up some caustic criticisms on the policy of the Government with an appeal to his

hearers to judge for themselves between the two parties. The Caucus and the *Clôture* were not signs of liberty and progress, but of retrogression. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, at Reading, denied that there was any wish on the part of the Ministry to annex Egypt or to set up a Protectorate, and maintained the absolute necessity of reform in the procedure of the House of Commons; and Lord Sherbrooke, in a letter to a Manchester paper, has neatly summed up the opinions of the majority of Liberals, and even, judging from his Monday's speech at Portsmouth, of Conservatives like Sir Drummond Wolff, in the phrase that "our policy in Egypt, in the present state of Europe, should be friendship with all; alliance or joint enterprise with none. Our object is not to conquer or annex, but to foster and control." Mr. Bright has written, with something of his ancient fire, to deny that his objections to the war in Egypt have been, as some people have said, objections to war in the abstract. On the contrary, they have been based on arguments which have never been refuted, and on which he also condemned the wars in China, Zululand, and Afghanistan; and Mr. Gladstone has broken the silence of the recess by a short reply to an address from the Liberals of Penmaenmawr, in which, after glancing at the present state of the House, and declaring that it must "bring its rules to a condition adapted to the times," he was bold to add, "We have carried on this war from a love of peace, and I may say on the principles of peace."

SIR S. NORTHCOTE, who has been visiting Scotland this week as the guest of Sir A. Campbell, of Blytheswood, addressing on Wednesday a great meeting at Glasgow of the Union of Conservative Associations, reviewed at length the policy of the Government in Egypt and in Ireland, and its costs. "Freedom," he concluded, "should be the motto of the Conservatives. Freedom of speech, no *clôture*; freedom of contract, no Commissions to settle everything; freedom of opinion, no caucuses." On Thursday Sir Stafford was to receive the freedom of the city, unanimously voted him last week.

AT NEWCASTLE the Sanitary Congress came to a close last Saturday, with an eloquent address from Dr. Richardson on "Cleanliness." Previous addresses had been delivered by Dr. Alfred Carpenter on the "Principles of Dress," by Dr. Robinson on "Architecture and Engineering," in which the speaker urged that houses, where disease had broken out, should be marked with dots in a public map of the district; and by Professor de Chaumont on "Food and Energy," in which alcohol, in moderation, was described as "a comfort and a blessing."—At a banquet to the Sanitary Institute on Friday evening, Mr. Cowen, M.P., delivered a telling speech on the subject of the House of Commons. The social etiquette which had once been the rule could no longer be maintained; the constituencies had been democratised, and the House reflected the change. But Mr. Cowen did not put much faith in coercion as a remedy. They should do as engineers do when a main line is blocked, "divert the local, and prepare a clear way for the through traffic."

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS have begun their Winter Session. At King's College Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., gave an address, in which he drew from the war in Egypt a new lesson of the virtue of "a sound mind in a sound body." At St. Thomas's, Dr. Sharkey was the lecturer; at University College, Mr. Marcus Beck; at St. George's, Dr. Watney; at St. Mary's, Dr. King Chambers; at the Middlesex Hospital, Dr. Cayley, in consequence of the sudden death of Dr. Lyell; at the School of Medicine for Women, Dr. Dupré; at Westminster, Dr. de Havilland Hill. At the London Hospital, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson took for the subject of his discourse the biography of Carlyle.

LORD DERBY gave away the prizes to the medical students, and Mr. Matthew Arnold delivered the introductory address, at the opening of the Autumn Session of the Liverpool University. England's great want, according to Mr. Arnold, was "lucidity, as the great want of the French was morality, and the great want of the Germans civil courage." It was, perhaps, too practical a commentary on this teaching that neither did the speaker very clearly explain, nor his audience seemingly understand, what was meant precisely by lucidity; nor were they much assisted by the remark that Voltaire possessed a negative lucidity, while what we wanted was the positive variety. Salvationists and Puseyites, according to the lecturer, were typical instances of the complete absence of lucidity, positive or negative.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE met on Tuesday last at Gloucester for two days of work and two of play—in the shape of holiday excursions in the neighbourhood. The Chairman was Mr. Monk, M.P. Resolutions were passed advocating the appointment of Standing Committees of the House of Commons for the discussion of commercial questions, urging Ministers to continue their efforts to obtain a satisfactory commercial treaty with Spain, and deploring the delay in Bankruptcy Legislation.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was held on the same day at Darlington, under the presidency of Mr. Macliver, M.P. The chief subject of discussion was the Employers' Liability Act, and it was finally determined to ask the Trade Congress Parliamentary Committee to prepare an amended Bill with especial reference to the numerous employes who have "contracted themselves out" of the original Act. An International Exhibition of Railway Couplings, Signals, &c., has been opened in connexion with the Conference.

IN MANY COAL DISTRICTS masters and men have evinced a disposition to meet each other half-way. In North Wales the 5 per cent. advance has been accepted, bringing wages back to the level at which they stood before the last disastrous strike. At Hamilton, the largest of the Scottish coal-fields, the men have not yet acceded to the desire of the Executive that they should leave the pits; and in South Staffordshire the colliers have decided to await the return of Lord Dudley's agent before striking. In South Yorkshire the masters are disposed to a compromise on the sliding scale principle. Meanwhile, the price of house coal has generally risen from the usual autumn rates to those of mid-winter.

IN IRELAND the general lull in the agitation has enabled Lord Spencer to snatch a brief holiday in England, and persuaded Mr. Justice Lawson to release Mr. Gray without even compelling him to find securities for future good behaviour. Mr. Dillon has consented to retain his seat for Tipperary a little longer, and will appear with Mr. Parnell in Dublin at the Convention of Irish Members on the 18th inst. Mr. Trevelyan has returned one of those soft answers which please without conceding anything to a deputation of Ulster tenants, who waited on him to complain of certain decisions of the Sub-Commissioners, and still more of the new court valuers. "The valuator class," they said, "had hitherto only existed in the interest of the landlords," and, of course, had still a great deal to learn. At Armagh another blow has been dealt at the secret societies by the committal for trial, after a protracted hearing, of ten men arrested for treason-felony at Crossmaglen; a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, has been returned in the case of the younger Walsh, the murderer of the policeman Kavanagh; and in Galway the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam has found it necessary to evict a defaulting tenant of his wards, the nuns of Oranmore. On the other hand, sporadic instances of crime, agrarian and other, show for the past week a slight increase. There have been agrarian murders in Tipperary, in Roscommon, and at Castle Island; "Moonlighters" have again been heard of; and the Recorder of Dublin has thought it right to draw the attention of the Grand Jury to the great increase of serious offences—undetected murders, aggravated assaults on women and children, &c.—which now make that city highest in crime of all the criminal centres in

the three kingdoms. Storms occasioning heavy damage and some loss of life have swept over the southern and western counties; and there have been disastrous fires in Athlone, and in the barracks at Enniskillen.

AT A MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN ICELAND it was resolved that the Committee saw no reason to entertain the opinions expressed by Messrs. Paterson (and others), in the face of the repeated official information as to the existence of distress in Iceland. The Danish Minister read an order, dated as late as September 14, appealing for help for the Icelanders to the various Danish congregations on Harvest Sunday.

THE REVENUE FOR THE QUARTER ending last Saturday shows an increase of 226,200*l.* over the corresponding quarter of last year, and that for the first six months of the current year a net increase of 443,982*l.*, but the excise has fallen off 90,000*l.*, and the income-tax 115,000*l.*

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS THIS WEEK have been unpleasantly numerous. At Southport on Monday the 11 A.M. train from Liverpool ran off the lines in consequence of something wrong with the points, severely shaking many of the passengers, and seriously injuring a stoker. At Crewe on Saturday there was an alarming collision by which several passengers in an excursion train were much hurt. On the South-Western, Great Western, and Great Eastern there have been slight accidents of no great moment; and on Friday there was a collision between the Holyhead mail and a goods train near Chester, which most fortunately ended in nothing worse than severe cuts and bruises to a number of passengers.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT SPREAD OF SCARLET FEVER in the metropolis—there being now, it is said, 500 cases in the different hospitals—the Metropolitan Asylums Board have determined to apply to the Local Government Board for leave to reopen the Fulham Hospital at once, and that at Hampstead as soon as practicable.

ON SATURDAY THE BORINGS FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL were officially inspected by Colonel Yolland and the Solicitor to the Board of Trade, and sundry pieces of chalk broken off to be presented to Count von Moltke, who takes a lively interest in the scheme. The workmen who hoped to have been employed this winter on the tunnel have addressed a letter to Mr. Gladstone on the stoppage of the works.

THE MAYOR OF PRESTON has forwarded to General Ponsonby for presentation to Her Majesty a beautiful medal and full account of the Guild ceremonies, together with an address of thanks from the Town Council for her graciously consenting to become a patron of the Guild.

FROM SIR E. HENDERSON'S REPORT for 1881 it appears that the "principal" offences throughout the year were 25,032, against 25,368 in 1880. Burglaries decreased from 488 to 470. Losses by theft as appraised by the owners amounted to 103,568*l.* 11,853 children and 3,416 adults were reported within the year as lost or missing. Of these only 23 children and 154 adults have not been traced. Fifty-four bodies of persons found dead and unknown were photographed, but have not been identified. "Drunk and disorderly" cases increased from 16,520 in 1880 to 18,721 in 1881.



PRINCE BISMARCK has received yet a new decoration, the Mikado of Japan having bestowed upon him the order of the "Chrysanthemum."

A GERMAN ARITHMETICIAN has been calculating the aggregate number of combinations in the game of dominoes, and has shown them to be 284,528,211,840! Two players, playing four games a minute, would only exhaust these combinations in 118 million years.

THE WILY CELESTIAL is endeavouring to evade the Transatlantic Immigration Act by entering San Francisco, not in the prohibited calling of labourer, but as playactor, it having been decided that players are not labourers, within the meaning of the Anti-Chinese Coolie Act.

A GREAT STRIKE OF CORDON BLEUS is about to take place in the Berlin hotels, owing to a resolution of the hotel-keepers that they shall not be permitted to wear moustachios. Consequently female cooks are rejoicing over their probable promotion to the vacant places.

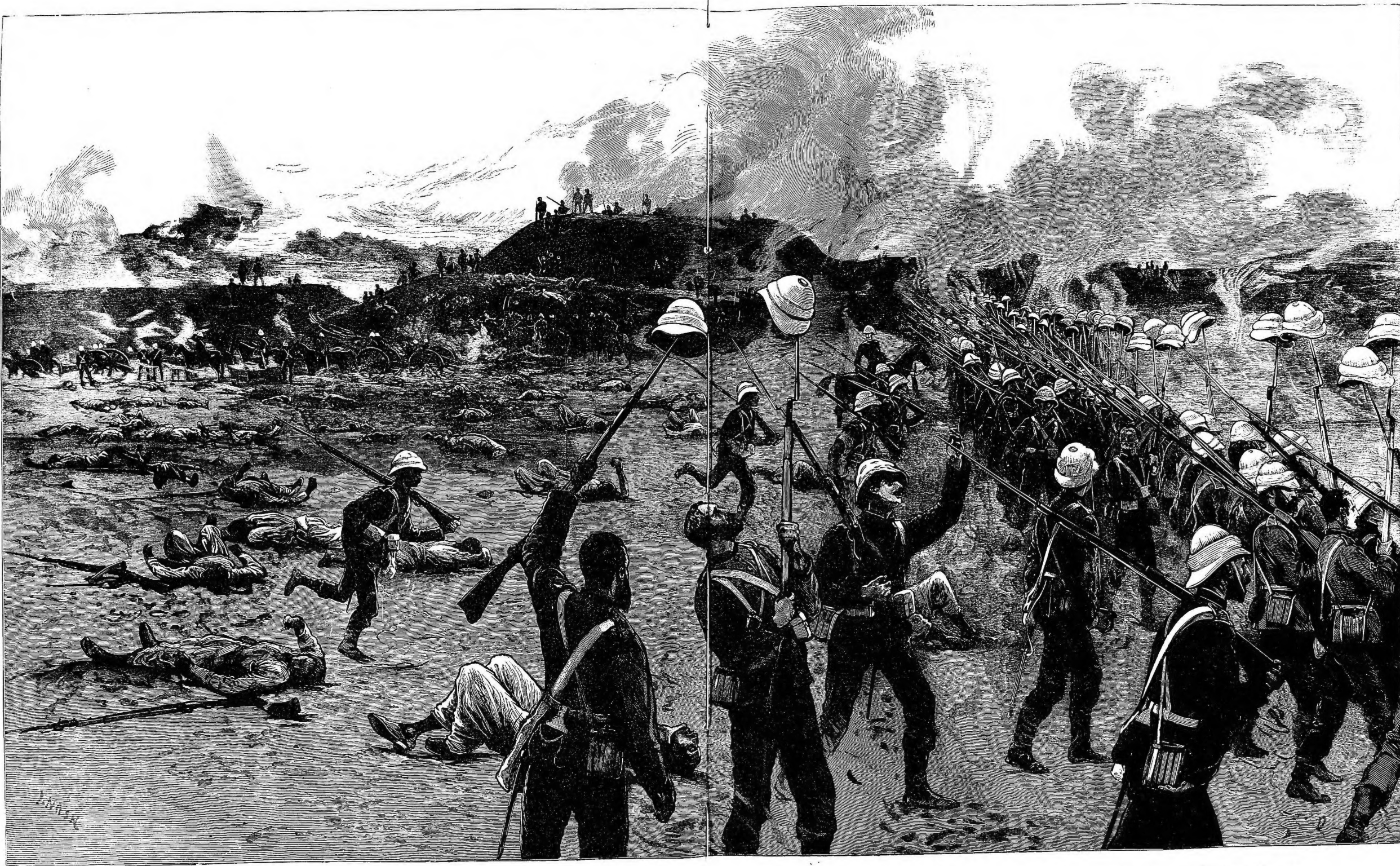
AN INTERNATIONAL COAL EXHIBITION from all European countries, together with apparatus and appliances for heating, is to be held in Milan in the autumn of 1883. The German mine-owners have formed a special commission at Dortmund, and they hope to carry out their plan of driving British coal from the market in Upper Italy.

THE LATEST INVENTION FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS across the Atlantic is a palace-car for cattle, which is so constructed that the poor beasts can lie down and rest during a journey. Boxes on the roof supply a feeding-trough, while a water pipe runs the entire length of the car. The Newport Humane Society (Rhode Island), have also determined to put a stop to fox-hunting—one of the chief amusements in that State.

THE USE OF WINDMILLS AS ECONOMISERS OF LABOUR is attracting attention across the Atlantic, and at a recent lecture on the subject, the following details were given which are not without interest at the present time in this country. Thus it was calculated that a windmill, 8½ feet in diameter, would raise 370 gallons of water 25 feet during eight hours, developing 704 of one-horse power, and costing 1½*d.* per horse-power per hour, being less than half the cost for similar work of a 25-foot water-wheel. The windmill, properly managed, it is argued, is the most economical prime mover in general use.

A NOVEL SECT has been recently formed in Finland, the *American Register* tells us, the principal dogma being the supremacy of woman. The male members of the sect, whether married or engaged, are required to affirm under oath their willingness to submit to their wives or their betrothed, and to confess to them once a week. The members generally live a frugal and moral life, and the women choose among themselves a "supérieure," whose duty it is to watch over the strict performance of the oath on the part of the men, and to punish the latter in cases of contravention. This sect resembles one in Siberia, the so-called "Purificants," which also recognise the supremacy of the woman.

MAHOMEDAN RELIGIOUS SUSCEPTIBILITIES are being tenderly cared for just now in India. Apart from the arrest and imprisonment of the Salvationists, the authorities have now prohibited the sale of certain fancy dresses which a Madras milliner received from Paris, and on which were printed Arabic verses of the Koran. To prevent them falling into infidel hands, a Moulvie, who happened to hear of the garments, purchased one, and then laid a complaint before the Commissioner of Police, on the ground that the sale of the dress was calculated to hurt the religious feelings of the followers of Mahomet, and also telegraphed to the Governor to the same effect. The police at once took measures to stop the sale of such a sacrilegious costume, and the Governor at once replied that stringent measures would be taken to prevent a repetition of the offence.



THE WAR IN EGYPT: "VICTORY!"—THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPTURE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL MARINES



EGYPT.—The pacification of Egypt being now apparently complete, and the natives of Cairo having been duly impressed by a grand review of the whole British Army, preparations are now being made for the return of the British troops, with the exception of a force of 10,000 men, who are to be left in temporary garrison of the country, until the new order of things is completely settled, and the Egyptian Army has been reorganised. This last is to be done under the fostering care of Baker Pasha, who has been requested to undertake the task, and who has already begun to consolidate a force of gendarmes. At the close of last week no little apprehension was caused by the breaking out of a fire at Cairo railway station, just as a train laden with ammunition was leaving. The contents of one of the trucks appear to have exploded from some unexplained cause, and the fire quickly spread to the great stores of forage and supplies, so that for several hours the conflagration raged unabated, despite all the efforts of our troops to subdue it. Officers and soldiers worked alike to restrict the flames, and the Duke of Connaught himself helped to push a truck out of danger. The alarm was naturally heightened by the continual explosions caused by the bursting of the shells and the firing of the ammunition, and one non-commissioned officer, Staff-Sergeant E. Sainsbury, was killed, while Surgeon-Major T. C. Tolmie and two non-commissioned officers and three men were wounded. Finally the fire was got under, and it was found that the damage amounted to 25,000l. Two Arabs were caught firing a railway truck, and it is considered likely that the disaster is due to incendiaries. On Saturday the review was held with great pomp in the Abdin Square, where facing the palace a temporary grand stand had been erected, surmounted by the British Royal standard. There were the Khédive and his Ministers, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, Sir E. Malet, and the diplomatic representatives of the Powers; while before the stand floated the Union Jack as a saluting point, and by its side on horseback was Sir Garnet Wolseley, flanked by Sir John Adye and Captain Wardrop. At four o'clock began the defile of the troops, headed by the Royal Horse Artillery and the Household Cavalry under General Drury-Lowe, and closed by the Indian Contingent under General Macpherson. These latter, with their strange uniforms and generally uncanny appearance, and the Highlanders under Sir Archibald Alison, those "diaboli Scozzesi nudi," as they were termed in that *lingua franca* which serves throughout the East as an universal tongue, excited the greatest curiosity, but considerable applause was bestowed on the Naval Brigade, for Jack is as great a favourite in Egypt as at home, and the prominent part which he has taken in the campaign was fully recognised by the European spectators. The march-past occupied an hour, and the force reviewed consisted of 17,266 men, 4,320 horses, 60 guns, and 678 officers. At the close the Khédive shook hands with Sir Garnet Wolseley, and expressed his congratulations on the bearing and appearance of the troops. On Monday the Khédive gave a grand dinner to Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Dukes of Connaught and Teck, and the other British generals, there being a magnificent garden *fête* afterwards, to which the subordinate officers of both services were invited. On the same day the Duke of Connaught had held an inspection of the Indian troops at Abassieh, while they were again reviewed on Tuesday by Sir Garnet Wolseley as a farewell compliment previous to their departure. Sir Garnet Wolseley, it should be said, has sent a despatch to the Indian Government highly commending the conduct of the Indian troops and fully acknowledging their services, while it has been decided that a detachment selected of men from each regiment should be brought over to England to receive their medals in person from Her Majesty. Sir Garnet Wolseley has also issued a General Order to the Army praising the conduct of all Services throughout the campaign.

Despite, however, our occupation of the country, the fanatical spirit which Arabi has aroused is far from crushed. In the interior Europeans are still jeered at and insulted; while at Assiout a congregation of Copts, who were offering thanks for the return of the Khédive, were assailed by a body of 1,000 Mahomedans, who threatened them with death. It is generally reported amongst the natives that the British are merely the agents of the Sultan, some even expected to see their Padishah at the review; and it is urged on many sides that, for the future tranquillity of the country, it is in every way essential that an example should be made of the leaders of the late rebellion, and that any undue clemency would be a wholly mistaken policy. Meanwhile the Khédive has been decorating the various commanding officers, has decided to bestow a medal on the troops, and the Chamber of Notables has voted swords of honour to Sir Garnet Wolseley, Admiral Beauchamp Seymour, and General Drury-Lowe. Sir Garnet Wolseley will shortly leave, and the Household Cavalry and the Royal Artillery will be the first troops to return home, having already started by the *Assyrian Monarch*, the *Lydian Monarch*, and the *Ludgate Hill*. The Duke of Teck and Sir John Adye have also left for England, the latter being replaced as Chief of the Staff by Colonel Dormer. The remainder of the troops will vacate Egypt before the end of the month. The brigades of Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Archibald Alison will form the army of occupation, and it is stated that the command has been offered but refused by the latter officer.

The military campaign being over, the attention of all is now being concentrated upon the future arrangements for the government of the country, and the court-martial on Arabi Pasha and his colleagues. The Special Commission, which is entirely composed of Mahomedans, with the exception of one Englishman, Morris Bey, will be divided into two Courts, one for the examination of evidence, the other for pronouncing judgment. Sir Charles Wilson is to watch the proceedings on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, while Arabi will be defended by Mr. A. W. Broadley, of the Tunisian Consular Court. The inquiry, however, will be held strictly under British supervision, and Sir E. Malet has intimated that not even preliminary steps with regard to the prosecutions are to be taken without the cognisance of the British representative.

Abroad the theme of England's future policy in Egypt is being discussed as volubly as ever. The German Press continues to evince unwonted friendliness, and informs us beneficently that provided we don't upset the equilibrium in Europe, we may do what we like—while as for the French share in the Old Control, it did more harm than good, and no one need accordingly regret the abolition of the French representative. This statement has excited great wrath in France, where England is alternately threatened and flattered to restore the old order of things, and is exhorted not to establish a new *régime*, with herself as virtual Suzerain, France, with her "overwhelming" interests, being left out in the cold. Any analogy between Egypt and Tunis is vigorously combatted, while as to any compromise on the basis of the abolition of the capitulation in the latter country in exchange for permitting England to play solo violin in the former, could not of course be entertained for a moment. The rumour that the victory at Tel-el-Kebir has been won by guineas and not by bullets, is still harped upon with great gusto by a certain portion of the Press, and even such organs as the *Nouvelle Revue*. In Austria and Russia a more reserved tone is being adopted, and, indeed, even in Turkey there seems now a general disposition to await England's pleasure, and her

declaration of what she really intends to do before indulging in any further recriminations. The Porte, however, although the Sultan has addressed a letter of thanks to the British Government for restoring order in Egypt, has not ceased its policy of inflicting petty annoyances upon the British authorities, and on the arrival of some Armenian labourers who had been employed by the British in Egypt, arrested them, and only released them upon the strongest possible representations from our Ambassador. The official Press continues to denounce Arabi in no measured terms, but this sudden change of tone has not had a good effect upon a great portion of the population, who still look upon Arabi as a martyr.

FRANCE.—Beyond the general speculation with regard to the future of Egypt, and the insidious policy of England referred to above, there is little news. The Legitimists have been holding high festival in honour of the Comte de Chambord's sixty-second birthday, and the usual flow of loyal speeches and addresses are reported, Henri V. being once more informed that "France, like an abandoned ship, is drifting at random, waiting for the pilot to save it from destruction and guide it into port." That that pilot and port are not apparently forthcoming is evident even to the Monarchists themselves, and is further rendered manifest by the fact that the tabooed religious Orders are gradually and quietly dispersing to other lands, and that good Catholics are determined to give the new Secular and Compulsory Education Act a trial. The *Univers*, however, as in duty bound, makes a last lamentation by declaring on Monday that "The Republic has inaugurated the programme of impiety, and to-day commences the experiment of a nation educated without religion, the crucifix and statue of the Virgin being removed, Scriptural inscriptions erased, and lessons beginning without prayer." The chief political event of the week, however, has been the visit of the Ministers of the Interior, of Finance, and of Public Instruction to Rouen, where a new theatre has been inaugurated with considerable ceremony, and a new Lycée for girls opened. This last brought forth a speech from M. Duvaux, the last-mentioned Minister, on the advantages of female education. He drew a most enthusiastic portrait of the coming woman who, he declared, "would become the intimate companion of her husband, and would attach him to his home by sharing in his work, his studies, his reading, allowing naught to come between their hearts, not only consoling him in hard times by her affection, but helping him by her good counsel and encouragement." Africa has received a share of notice from political circles, as not only is a treaty with the tribes of the Congo awaiting ratification from the Assembly, but an embassy from Madagascar has arrived at Paris, complaining of the action of the French authorities in the island, and asserting the claim of Queen Ranavola to the whole of Madagascar. Now by a treaty with a former King (whom the Malagasies declare they executed for this very act) the right of France to certain portions of the island was recognised, but this convention, known as the Lambert Treaty, has since been repudiated by the Madagascar Government. As for the coming Congo treaty, there has been considerable self-congratulation that Mr. Stanley, the famous traveller, who has been organising a colony in that very district, under Belgian auspices, has thus had the ground cut under him by the energy of a naturalised Frenchman, M. De Brazza, to whose exertions the proposed treaty is due. Mr. Stanley, however, who has gone to Brussels, denies that he has been outdone at all.

PARIS has been horrified by the production of a realistic drama, *La Vicomtesse Alice*, by MM. Alberic Second and Léon Beauvallex, at the Théâtre des Nations, in which there are murders galore, and the tyrannical mysteries of a private lunatic asylum are portrayed with great vigour. Other novelties have been two comedies, one *Les Noces de Mille Lorquet*, at the Cluny, by M. Grenet Dancourt, another by M. Edmond About, at the Gymnase, entitled *L'Assassin*. On Wednesday M. Grévy invested Mgr. Czacki, the Archbishop of Paris, with the Cardinal's biretta, on his elevation to the Cardinalate. Mgr. Czacki, who is in bad health, is retiring from the bishopric to the regret of all, as he was exceedingly popular with all classes.—There is an alarming report that Asiatic cholera has appeared at Modane, on this side of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—For some time past an anti-Semitic agitation has been carried on in Hungary, and in Pressburg in particular, where even funds for that purpose have been openly raised. Last week this agitation culminated in that town with a general attack upon the unfortunate Israelites by the mob, who wrecked their houses, but more merciful than the Russian rioters, committed no personal violence. The disturbances continued for three evenings in succession, being eventually put down with a strong military force, but the outbreak had evidently been the signal for similar anti-Jewish risings in other Hungarian towns, whence outrages have also been reported. The Minister-President, M. Tisza, has addressed a letter to all the Municipal Councils, indignantly condemning the outrages, and ordering the authorities to repress them vigorously, "no delay or half-hearted proceedings" being tolerated by the State, which will support the Municipality with its whole power. The agitation is thought to be fomented by the same organisation which has of late been so busily and successfully at work in Russia.—The floods in the Tyrol are subsiding, but great distress threatens to prevail during the coming winter, for not only have large quantities of agricultural produce been destroyed, but the means of communication will be meagre for some months to come, owing to the utter destruction of roads and bridges.

ITALY.—England and the Irredentists continue to divide public attention here. Signor Crispi, the leader of the Radical party, has written a letter pointing out that England's action in Egypt is perfectly legitimate and opportune, and deploring that Italy did not accept the offer to co-operate. He has confidence in the solution of the question, "thanks to the honesty of the English Ministry and the liberalism of the English people." As for the Irredentists, there has been a remarkable article in the *Popolo Romano*, which while condemning undue precipitation and the throwing of bombs, endorses the just aspiration of the "ideal which all Italians cherish," and asks the Irredentists why they only turn their attention to the east, and not to the north, the west, and the south, alluding to the possession of Ticino by Switzerland, of Nice and Corsica by France, and Malta by England. Parliament has been dissolved and the elections will be held at the end of the month. The great battle cry of the Opposition is "Increased Armaments for Defence," while the Ministerial organs ask whether any increase of the Italian Army would have prevented the French occupation of Tunis or the British Expedition to Egypt.

INDIA.—The chief topic has been the proceedings of the Salvation Army at Calcutta, whose leader, Major Tucker, and two of his lieutenants, Mr. Norman and Miss Thompson, have been fined for being members of an unlawful assembly, and, refusing to pay, have been sentenced relatively to a fortnight's and a week's imprisonment. In delivering judgment the magistrate stated that there had been a distinct stir in the Mahomedan community since the arrival of the Salvationists, and professions of such a description were calculated to disturb the public peace. Captain Tucker was arrested, it appears, for marching through the streets in direct disobedience to a police prohibition.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In GERMANY Fort Hindorsin, the last of the forts to be constructed round Metz, has been finished, and it is now stated that Metz is the strongest place in the German Empire. The elections to the Prussian Chamber will take place on the 29th and 30th inst.—In SWITZERLAND the rains have recommenced in the Canton Tessin, and the snow on the St. Gothard Road is so deep that sledges are now used.—In SPAIN the Conservatives agree to support Marshal Serrano's efforts to create an Advanced Liberal party, with

a view to creating two great political parties.—In HOLLAND the Address in reply to the King's Speech has at last been adopted by seventy-three votes to two.—In RUSSIA there has been a terrible explosion on board the Popoffka *Novgorod*, the torpedo magazine blowing up, an officer and five seamen being killed.—From the UNITED STATES also comes the news of two disasters,—the burning of the Mississippi steamboat *Robert E. Lee*, said to be the fastest boat on the river, with a loss of twenty lives; and the colliding of two passenger trains at Hutchinson, Kansas, in which eight persons were killed.—In the PHILIPPINE ISLES the cholera appears to be decreasing.—From SOUTH AMERICA we hear that the Peruvian Vice-President, Montero, had arrived at Arequipa, had formed a Ministry, and was negotiating with Bolivia for a continuance of the war with Chili. The new President of the Bolivian Congress, however, Señor Arje, is in favour of peace.—In SOUTH AFRICA petitions against the restoration of Cetewayo are being numerously signed in Natal, and Sir Henry Bulwer has left Maritzburg for Rorke's Drift, in order to meet the Zulu chiefs. Oham will not oppose the restoration, but John Dunn declares that the step will be fraught with great danger, and that England will be compelled to maintain a large force in Natal. In Basutoland also the situation is exceedingly critical. Masupha, despite a visit from General Gordon, refuses to pay taxes, and the Chief Lerothodi has accordingly been summoned to compel him.



THE Queen is still at Balmoral, and is taking her usual drives in the neighbourhood, accompanied by the different members of the Royal family. On Thursday, Her Majesty, with the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Connaught, paid her usual visit to the Glassalt Shiel, and next day drove to Braemar, and on to Old Mar Lodge, accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany. The weather was showery, but notwithstanding this the carriage was kept open. In the evening Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., dined with the Queen. On Saturday Her Majesty, together with the Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to the Glen Gelder Shiel. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Queen, and with the Marquis of Hartington, Colonel Bateson, and Sir Allen Young dined at the Castle. On Sunday Divine Service was conducted at the Castle, the Queen and Royal Family attending, the Rev. J. Dr. MacGregor, D.D., Minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiating. Next day Her Majesty with the members of the Royal family was present at a cricket match between the Balmoral and Abergeldie Clubs. Captain Walter Campbell and Dr. Reid arrived at the Castle in the evening.

The Prince of Wales left Abergeldie Castle yesterday (Friday). On Sunday the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George of Wales, and the young Princesses drove to the Linn o' Dee, Braemar, and after lunching proceeded to Mar Lodge, taking tea with the Earl of Fife, and returning to Abergeldie in the evening.

The Duke of Edinburgh is still in the Tyrol on a shooting excursion with the Duke of Coburg, but is expected in Paris on the 10th inst., where he will meet the Duchess, who has been visiting Bologna and Florence. The Duke and Duchess will return to Eastwell Park on the 12th inst. The Duke has just become the tenant of the Home Farm at Eastwell, and of the extensive pasturage of Eastwell Park, hitherto farmed by local agriculturists. The Park now contains some splendid droves of Southdown sheep. On the 20th inst. the Duke will lay the foundation-stone of Smeaton's Eddystone Lighthouse, which is to be re-erected on the Hoe at Plymouth.—Prince Leopold will receive the Freedom of the City of Glasgow during his visit to that city on the 14th inst., in connection with the opening of a branch of the Royal School of Art Needlework.—The Marquis of Lorne is continuing his tour in British Columbia, and has been enthusiastically received at New Westminster, and the Princess Louise has returned to Victoria.—The Duchess of Cumberland was safely delivered of a daughter on the 29th ult. at Gmünden, Austria, and on the same day the Duchess of Parma died after giving birth to a still-born child.—Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince, has embarked, at Kiel, on board the Imperial frigate *Olga*, which is expected to start shortly on a voyage, visiting Madeira, the West Coast of Africa, the chief harbours of the East Coast of North America, and thence returning home.



SOME SENSATION was caused at Cambridge on Monday by the news that the Rev. J. B. Mayor, Professor of Latin in the University, had preached a temperance sermon on Sunday evening in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Peter Street. The prayers, for the most part taken from the Church of England Service, were read, and the sermon preached from a manuscript, both practices contrary to Primitive Methodist rule.

AT A MEETING OF THE CURATES' ALLIANCE last week much satisfaction was expressed at the success which has hitherto attended their protests against the sale of livings by public auction. A test case will, if necessary, be brought to try the right of an auctioneer to eject their representatives from the sale-room.

BISHOP ELLICOTT has written to the Churchwardens of St. Simon's, Bristol, to acknowledge the receipt of their memorial referring to certain illegal practices—encouragement of auricular confession, mixing water with the wine at the Sacrament, &c.—on the part of the new vicar, the Rev. N. J. Birkmyre. The Bishop promises to give the matter his early consideration.

THE CURATORS OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY have appointed Mr. S. H. Butcher, Fellow and Praelector of University College, Oxford, to the Chair of Greek vacated by Professor Blackie.

THE PRIMATE'S HEALTH continues steadily to improve.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BAPTIST UNION commenced at Liverpool on Monday. A letter was read from Bishop Ryle expressing regret that an engagement to attend the Church Congress at Derby prevented him from accepting their invitation to be present.

ACCORDING TO A LETTER in the *Daily News* the question of Vicar's Rates in Coventry is still far from settled. Many, both Churchmen and Nonconformists hope little from the Mayor's scheme, which will only partially solve the financial difficulty, even in the parish of Holy Trinity, while it will leave St. Michael's, where the Incumbent is still more dependent on the rate, untouched. The Vicar, Mr. Beaumont, has given his opinion that the course taken as at Halifax to raise the required sum at once is better than any provisional commutation of the rate, and announces a donation from the Bishop of 100l. to the Mayor's Fund.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL CHURCH CONGRESS was opened at Derby on Tuesday morning, when sermons were preached by the Archbishop of York, at All Saints, on the duties of the Church in the face of modern tendencies, and by the Bishop of Truro, at St. Alkmund's, the latter taking for his text Isaiah xliii. 4. In the afternoon the Bishop of Lichfield delivered the inaugural address in the Drill Hall, repeating it immediately afterwards to an over-flow meeting in the smaller Temperance Hall. At the commencement he called for special thought and prayer on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "whose large heart, powerful intellect, and statesmanlike capacity we can ill afford to lose." The address itself was plain and practical, and dealt chiefly with the work before the Congress. At the sectional meeting the subjects discussed were: "The Unity of Belief," "Evangelical Work at Home"—Bishop Ryle eliciting much applause by the remark that he had recently licensed a Salvation Army officer, who had found their system insufficient for him, as "a lay preacher," and wished he had "a hundred such"—"the Jews," "Church Discipline," and "Church Courts." On Wednesday the subjects were "The Church and Modern Thought," with papers by Professor Stokes on "The Harmony of Science and Faith," and by the Rev. J. Roberts on the "Limits of Authority and Free Thought;" "The Political Relations of the Church;" "The Church and Morals," and the "Clergy, Beneficed and Unbeneficed." At a meeting in the evening for the release of Mr. Green, Sir P. Heywood, Patron of Miles Platting, said he had that day received a notice from the Bishop of Manchester that the living was vacant. "He did not accept the notice. He would not declare the living vacant." The incident caused much excitement—many people weeping. The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition surpasses anything of the kind yet attempted. There are over 400 exhibits.

THE THEISTIC CHURCH—the Rev. C. Voysey's—celebrated its eleventh anniversary last Sunday. Provision, Mr. Voysey announced, has now been made for carrying on the services even in his absence. It is no longer the Voysey Establishment Fund, but the Theistic Church, which now claims the public support.

THE SALVATIONISTS.—At Dunfermline and at Yeovil the Army have been again assailed; but they have been more successful at Coventry and at Hartlepool, where the female tambourinists formed a conspicuous feature in the procession. At Hammersmith Mrs. Booth has laid the foundation-stone of a new Memorial Hall—the old place of meeting being quite inadequate to their requirements.

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, CLERKENWELL.—The large painted windows presented to this church by the Crusaders' Lodge of Freemasons, to commemorate its restoration, will be unveiled at the re-opening of the church on the 13th inst. by the Lord Mayor. The subjects are connected with Bible history and Freemasonry. The artist is Mr. Charles Evans, of Warwick Street, W.



BETTER plays than Mr. Brooklyn's adaptation of Ouida's novel, entitled *Chandos*, produced at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday afternoon last, have ere now suffered disastrous mischance from that bad stage management, or rather absence of stage management, which was painfully conspicuous throughout the performance; but after all allowance is made, the unfavourable reception accorded to the piece must, we fear, be allowed to have been well deserved. Mr. W. S. Gilbert has publicly staked his reputation for literary and dramatic judgment upon the opinion that the novels of the lady who writes under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Ouida" have "no dramatic value;" and it must be confessed that they are somewhat wanting in the simplicity of design and unity of action which the stage demands, not to speak of their decided tendency to exaggerated types of character and to exuberance of dialogue and incident which in an acted play are apt to appear to encroach upon the domain of burlesque. The story of *Chandos* is one of revenge long meditated and perseveringly pursued, from no adequate motive, by the wicked secretary of a profligate young nobleman; but upon this thread so much is hung in the way of incident, and still more of dialogue, that any attempt to present the novel in action must of necessity end in wearying and bewildering an audience. This, however, is what Mr. Brooklyn has attempted. The stage, while his piece is in progress, is crowded with characters, some of whom, though they are constantly appearing and reappearing, never succeed in making their functions in the story clear. One of these, a young lady, whom the playbill describes as an "old flame" of the hero, makes her appearance every now and then to utter mysterious hints regarding her quondam admirer's love affairs; and in the most critical moment of his destinies she darts forward to warn him that another young lady to whom he is in the act of making an offer of marriage is his own daughter. Nothing, however, comes of all this; the information, momentous though it be, is pooh-poohed, and seems indeed to be without foundation in truth, and there is an end of the matter. The climax of absurdity was reached when the audience were taken to Venice to witness a street battle between Garibaldian and Austrian troops, which appeared to have nothing whatever to do with the story, and which was suddenly suspended while several of the leading characters were seen holding a sort of private meeting in the middle of the stage of which no one could make out anything, beyond the fact that the profligate young nobleman, now improved by "the uses of adversity," seemed to have chosen that ineligible spot and that inopportune moment to make an offer of marriage to a young lady in the short skirts and the coloured ribbons of a circus rider. The best piece of acting in the play—albeit the superabundance of commonplace cynicisms allotted to the character greatly fatigued the audience—was that of Mr. Boleyn as the evil-disposed secretary. For the rest little can be said.

The new melodrama produced at the SURREY Theatre on Monday evening with the not altogether inappropriate title of *For Ever* is one of those interminable pieces in which the authors, Mr. Paul Meritt and Mr. George Conquest, especially delight. These gentlemen have much experience of the tastes of suburban houses, but there is good reason to suspect that in constructing this play in seven acts, not to speak of an occasional drop of the "tableau curtain," they have given even Surrey audiences credit for more patience than they possess. Certainly long before the stroke of 1 A.M., at which time this Brobdingnagian production, having commenced at half-past seven, was brought to an end, signs of having supped over-full of exciting dramatic fare had begun to manifest themselves rather inconveniently in various parts of the crowded house. How it would have fared if the play had been less remarkable for absurd incongruities, it would be hard to say. Certainly much ingenuity is exhibited in weaving the complex web of crime, sentiment, and playfulness whereof suburban melodramas are composed; and it must in honesty be confessed that the play presents many situations ably conceived for dramatic effect. But it is the misfortune of one of these authors to have a great reputation for representing monsters, and on this occasion it seems to have been deemed of paramount importance to provide Mr. Conquest—the gentleman referred to—with a startling opportunity for the exercise of this special faculty. Accordingly, the brilliant notion was hit upon of exhibiting a "Man Monkey" over head and ears in love—so desperately in love, in

fact, that whether the object of his affections was an Angel of Mercy or a modern Duchess of Brinville, mattered to him nothing—or, rather, mattered much; for it is only by the influence he gains through having become cognisant of the lady's efforts to murder a helpless invalid gentleman that the "Man-Monkey" finally compels the lady to wed, though she will not cohabit with him. Maddened by this disdainful treatment, the wretched bridegroom finally murders his bride, and dies in an attempt to escape over the housetops. A "man-monkey," we may observe, means on this occasion a menagerie attendant, who is supposed to have spent so long a time in the monkey-house that he has involuntarily contracted monkey habits, and even a very decided monkey aspect. The performance exhibits a degree of cleverness, but the result is, on the whole, more disgusting than entertaining, and certainly more ludicrous and absurd than it is touching. Hence, while the deformed Quasimodo, in "Notre Dame," who is probably the prototype of "Jacky Pastrana," always awakens deep sympathy the ill-starred love affair of the Man-Monkey only provokes derisive laughter.

THE HAYMARKET and TOOLE'S Theatre both reopen with their regular companies this evening. At the former Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and their associates, including Mr. David James, who has been engaged for the occasion, will appear in a revival of *The Overland Route*, and a little monologue will be given by way of introduction, sustained by its author, Mr. Brookfield.—Mr. Toole revives Mr. Byron's comedy, *The Upper Crust*, but also produces a new and original musical piece, entitled *Griffith's Elopement*, by Mr. Arthur Law and Mr. George Grossmith. In both these pieces the popular comedian will appear.

Miss Kate Vaughan resumes her place this evening in the GAIETY burlesque after a rather prolonged absence.

GOOD-BYE TO DUBLIN

DUBLIN has been my capital for some time, and a very pleasant capital it is. A real capital, too, despite Carlyle's dyspeptic belittling. Carlyle, by the way, usually hits off a picture in a few adjectives; but about Dublin he fails lamentably. No streets in any capital that I have seen—and I have seen most of those north of the Alps and west of the Oder—have less title to be called vapid-inane. There is just stir and bustle enough, without the crush of London. I for one do not think you have brought the Millennium when you have so arranged matters that at certain hours certain miles of streets have their footways filled with a never-ending stream of men, all rushing one way, and looking either "vapid-inane" or pitifully worried, while the roads are blocked with a confused mass of carts, 'busses, hansoms, and Pickford's vans. I would rather have "the empty whirl of street-cars, hucksters' carts, and other such trashery," which so disgusted the Chelsea philosopher. I wonder what he would have thought of the trams—the most completely organised system of them in Europe; or the telephone, the very extensive use of which shows business is going on over here; or the electric light, of which there is more in Dublin than there was in London when I was last there. What charms me in the Dublin streets—and they have charmed me, *ruris amatorem*, into a temporary liking for town-life,—is the very opposite of "vapid-inane;" it is the fresh life and the wonderful variety. Dame Street, not a bad Pall Mall, Grafton Street and Sackville Street, no two streets in the United Kingdom more unlike. Grafton Street, a Bond Street with a flavour of old Vienna about it, winding, narrow, the shop-signs making it look still narrower and less English. Of Sackville Street all that its worst enemies can say is that it's too broad. But, then, the comfort of it; cars whirl and trams glide along, and whole trains-full of excursionists stream up to the Exhibition, but there is no running down, no jostling; and at night as you look down and see the lines of lights carrying the eye across O'Connell Bridge and up the opposite slope, you feel that in a good many London thoroughfares a few more lamps, managed on the Dublin plan, with caps a-top to throw the light downwards, would be a great improvement.

Then there are the Quays, not like our Thames Embankment, but in the centre full of shops—trunkmakers, watchmakers, bog-oak men of the cheaper sort, ambulatory book-stalls; and at the extremities, of huge warehouses, and with their numerous bridges reminding one of Paris. And there are the back-streets, always, in every city, with a sad interest of their own for those who care for humanity more than for plate-glass and ribbons. And Dublin has, as I said in my first letter, another kind, the faded street, with houses the breadth and solid fittings, and costly ornaments, and wrought ironwork of which, as well as the loftiness of the rooms, would astonish the London builder.

We are looking forward just now in Dublin to a foretaste of the Millennium; and when everybody wears Irish tweed or serge, and has his or her Irish buttons sewn on with Irish thread, we may expect that some of these streets will rise to new life. My earnest wish is that the Dublin artisan may so far profit by this manufacture-movement as to be able to get better house accommodation. Sentiment would lift up its hands in horror at the sacrifice of housing poor families in houses like those in Eccles Street or Gardiner's Row; but life would surely be sweeter, wholesomer, up there than in Kevin Street or Fumbally's Lane. This done, the swarming denizens of the slums moved into the model lodging-houses of which Dublin has its share, and into such other homes as could be arranged by dividing big faded houses tenement-wise, an open space—a good large one, might be cleared round St. Patrick's. It is lamentable to see a cathedral without an inch of green about it. I would not rest till it had a big tree-grown close which should be a "lung" for all the mass of human life crowded to the south of High Street. If any one thinks this smacks of the Millennium, let him read what Mr. Recorder Falkiner says, in the Report of last year's Social Science Congress, of what has been done, and what yet remains to be done, in Dublin.

Two things every one wants to see done,—first, some arrangement which shall sweeten the river and utilise the sewage. I can't help thinking that the sands round Malahide would take and profit by any amount of sewage; similar land near Paris does; next, some utilisation of what Kingsley called "human soot," the "corner" boys and girls whom it would surely pay to draft off to Canada or the far West, under proper guidance and to responsible people. It is done; just lately one of the Dublin Unions has shipped a lot of its inmates across the Atlantic; but it has not done half enough. What must the life of these poor creatures be in winter! During the cold wet days we had last week, they looked so pinched and woebegone that I blessed the coffee-taverns which afforded a cheap way of giving one or two of them a meal. One man in the Exhibition has done something for this class—O'Callaghan, of Merion,—who has established the bottle-envelope industry. Hitherto Ireland has paid from 7,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year to France and Italy for this one item. Now all the great firms buy from him. He began with a little workshop in Dublin at 2*s.* 6*d.* a week; there he trained 150; but the corner boys wanted pay at the week's end, not to speak of advances; the manufacturers don't pay till the goods are delivered; hence there is a delay, and, as he has no capital, he prefers working through others. To Skerries, for instance, he went down by the invitation of the Catholic curate, and at once began with a class of twenty. Before a week was out they had set 200 men at work; and now there are 500, *i.e.*, practically the whole village. Any one who has capital to meet a fortnight's demands may start such a class. The cost of straw and twine is 6*s.* per thousand, which number sells for 2*s.*; a beginner can make a dozen

an hour; experts from two dozen to two and a-half. The discharged prisoners have been his aid in taking the thing up, and so have several orphanages and schools. The priest of Arklow has organised it as a home industry, giving out a bundle of straw and a ball of twine (Barbours' Irish, of course), and getting the work done at home. You may see the work going on in the Exhibition, and O'Callaghan will tell you that barley straw, the least valuable to the farmer, is the best for his purpose, and that even rushes will do. Clearly he has real grit, and deserves to succeed. So also does O'Neil, of Dolphin's Barn, the only Irish button maker. I forget how much Ireland spends yearly in buttons; why not keep the money in the country, instead of still further enriching Birmingham? If everybody would think thus, O'Neil would soon be able to use seventy hands in place of seven, and would have fifty competitors in place of standing alone. I am very glad that *United Ireland* (which last week had a most sensible paper on the loafing ways of young men, and the need of mechanics' institutes and reading clubs in little towns) did not disdain buttons. The tendency of the Irish mind is to think, "Oh, it's not worth while" of too many of the little things the total cost of which comes to a great deal. A Scot who was exhibiting butter-prints in the agricultural annexe told me that none are made in Ireland; one wonders why not? the only possible answer being that "It was not worth while." Another case in point: why not, in addition to the sixpenny catalogue, publish a two-penny description of the cases of antiquities, autographs, &c.? It is tantalising to see Father O'Laverty's fine collection of stone and bronze weapons, &c., simply entered as "Antiquities." New things, by the way, have been coming in rapidly. This Antiquities' Room, with a second collection of pictures on the walls, is wholly new. It contains a modern antique, the Liberator's Cap, of which *Punch* used to make fun,—just an ordinary blue cloth cap; extraordinary only in size, a fact for those phrenologists who believe in big heads. The best way, of course, to do the Exhibition is to get a season ticket, and pop in at all hours; in the morning when, except a few priests, looking so pleased it does one good to see them, you have it pretty much to yourself; in the afternoon to watch the humours of the crowd, and listen to an organ recital or a string band; after dinner to hear a song, if you are so fortunate as to get near enough.

It is no use wishing success to the after-movement; the people must bring that about themselves, and if they keep their present mind they will. What matter if there's a spice of politics in the affair? If Pat likes his manufactures spiced with politics why shouldn't he have them so? The new edition of Hely Hutchinson's "Commercial Restrictions of Ireland," reminds us that not very long ago it was we who spiced trade with politics in a way not only distasteful, but absolutely ruinous to Pat. I will end by calling attention to Miss Yeates's knitting, lace, &c., from Carraroe—Miss Yeates is a most practical lady, who, being sent to help the wretched Carraroe people after their wholesale eviction, determined not to give money but to set them to work. Some could knit, those who could not she and her sister taught; and now she is gone again, with a fresh supply of money, to extend what everybody will feel is a good work. Any one who wants warm well-knitted stockings should send her an order to Carraroe, Co. Galway.

I must say one word about Glasnevin. There is the cemetery with the O'Connell round tower and mausoleum, the Model Farm (praised even by Carlyle), and the Botanic Gardens, where, if I lived in Dublin, I would spend those summer evenings which I did not give to the Phoenix. On a hill side, it is as different from swampy Kew as the light air, half sea half mountain, of Dublin is from the thick London air. There is plenty of glass, the highest palm-house sixty feet, with a cocoa palm touching the top. The *Victoria regia* has done flowering; how that plant, so long before one's eyes, reminds us of the length of our good Queen's reign. A Philodendron, with parasite roots and huge arum-like leaves, growing on a palm, seemed to me to be the strangest thing in the place. I am glad they have a good "Killarney house," walls richly tapestried with the *Hymenophyllum crispum*, or "Killarney fern," which tourists will soon extirpate in its native place. Equally at home, in the open air, is the beautiful grass of Parnassus; but native orchises, I was told, refuse to multiply in captivity. Fresh ones have to be brought every three years or so. The drawback to the Botanic Gardens is the number of funerals you meet on your way; but Irish funerals go at the same rattling pace at which English ones return; the affair seems, I suppose, to be little more than secular, after the ceremony at the chapel is over.

And now I want those who have followed me about Dublin to go there in the flesh. The Exhibition will be open till Christmas. Late autumn is proverbially fine in Ireland. Go with the determination to be pleased; and you will find that in furtherance of that end everybody in Ireland will meet you more than half-way.

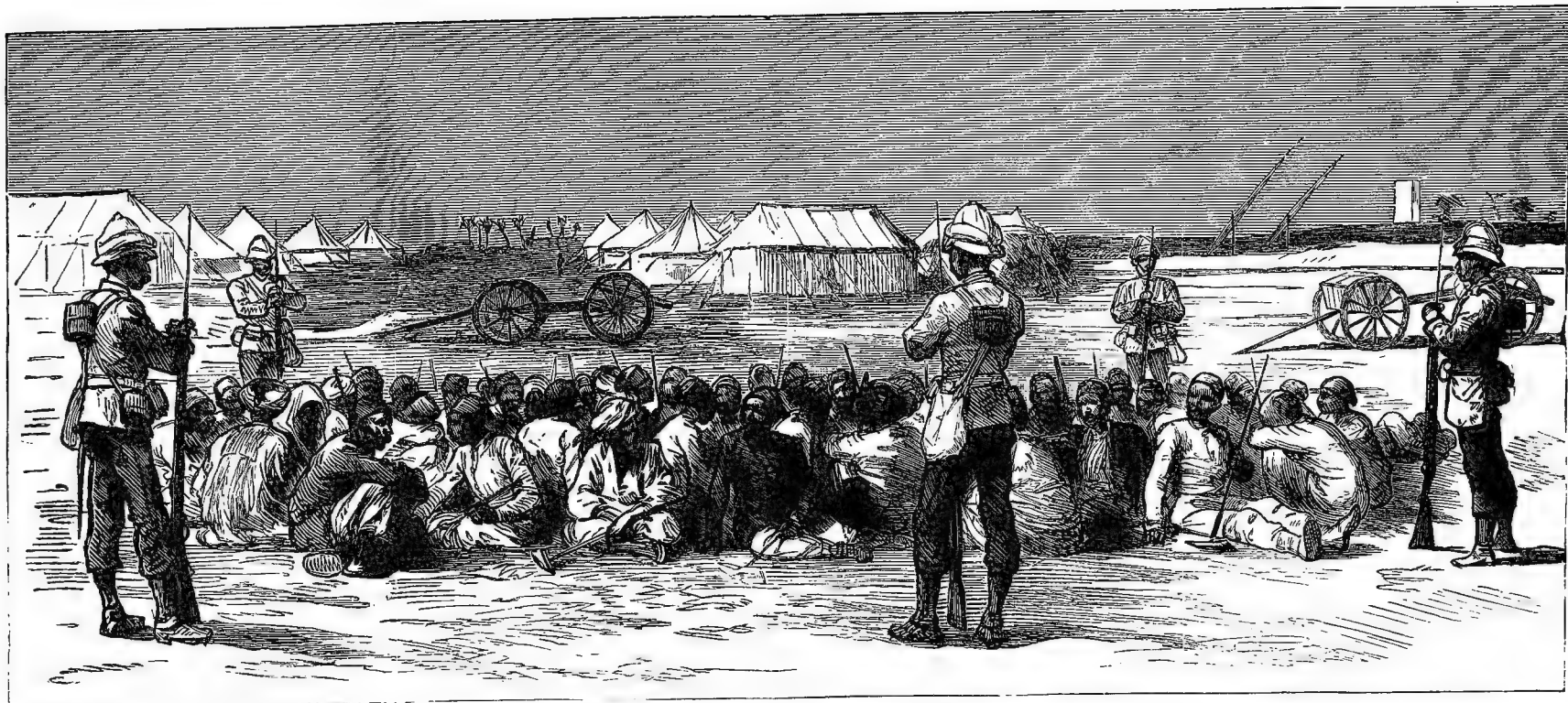
HENRY STUART FAGAN



THE TURF.—Very fair sport was provided at the recent Newmarket Meeting up to the end. The October Handicap was won by Wandering Nun, who has been entered for innumerable handicaps since the beginning of the season, and Mr. Chaplin has thus at last been rewarded for his patience. By her victory over Highland Chief and Adriana in the Thirty-fifth Triennial, Rookery reassured her earlier form. In a field of fifteen for the Second Nursery Stakes backers were right in making Elzevir favourite, and also in laying odds on Exile II. for the Selling Stakes on the Thursday; but they were wrong in backing Canon against the field for the Snailwell, as Addy won easily enough. Odds were laid on Schem for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, but Lord Rosebery's Gareth beat him by three parts of a length, and so won his first race. Nellie showed that she was in fair form by beating Little Sister and Alban without any trouble in the St. Leger Stakes. The meeting of Sigmophone, Macheath, Beau Brummel, Adriana, and Prince in the Rous Memorial, for two-year olds, was looked forward to with much interest. The three first-named were made favourites in a field of eight at 3 to 1 each, and Macheath won by a neck from Adriana, Beau Brummel being third. The general impression is that among the two-year-olds which have shown this season we have not seen the Derby winner of 1883.—The racing this week in different directions hardly calls for comment, as it is more or less a by-week, coming as it does between two Newmarket meetings. It may be noted, however, that Edelweiss, who has broken the hearts of so many backers, won the Nottinghamshire Handicap at Nottingham, and also won the Queen's Plate at the same meeting.—Among the scratchings for the two big Newmarket Handicaps are Hackness for the Cesarewitch and Bruce for the Cambridgeshire. The Cesarewitch, which will be decided next week, seems hardly likely to produce more than fifteen runners, if as many, and the field will certainly not be remarkable for quality. Just now City Arab and Shrewsbury are equal favourites at about 9 to 2, and after them is a gap, Chippendale being quoted next at about 11 to 1. But there will be plenty of changes before the start, and notwithstanding the strong fancy for the two favourites, the race seems a fairly open one.

CRICKET.—The farewell banquet to the Australians at the Criterion was a great success. Our visitors left us on Saturday,

(Continued on page 366)



AFTER THE BATTLE—EGYPTIAN PRISONERS AT TEL-EL-KEBIR
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



Sir John Adye

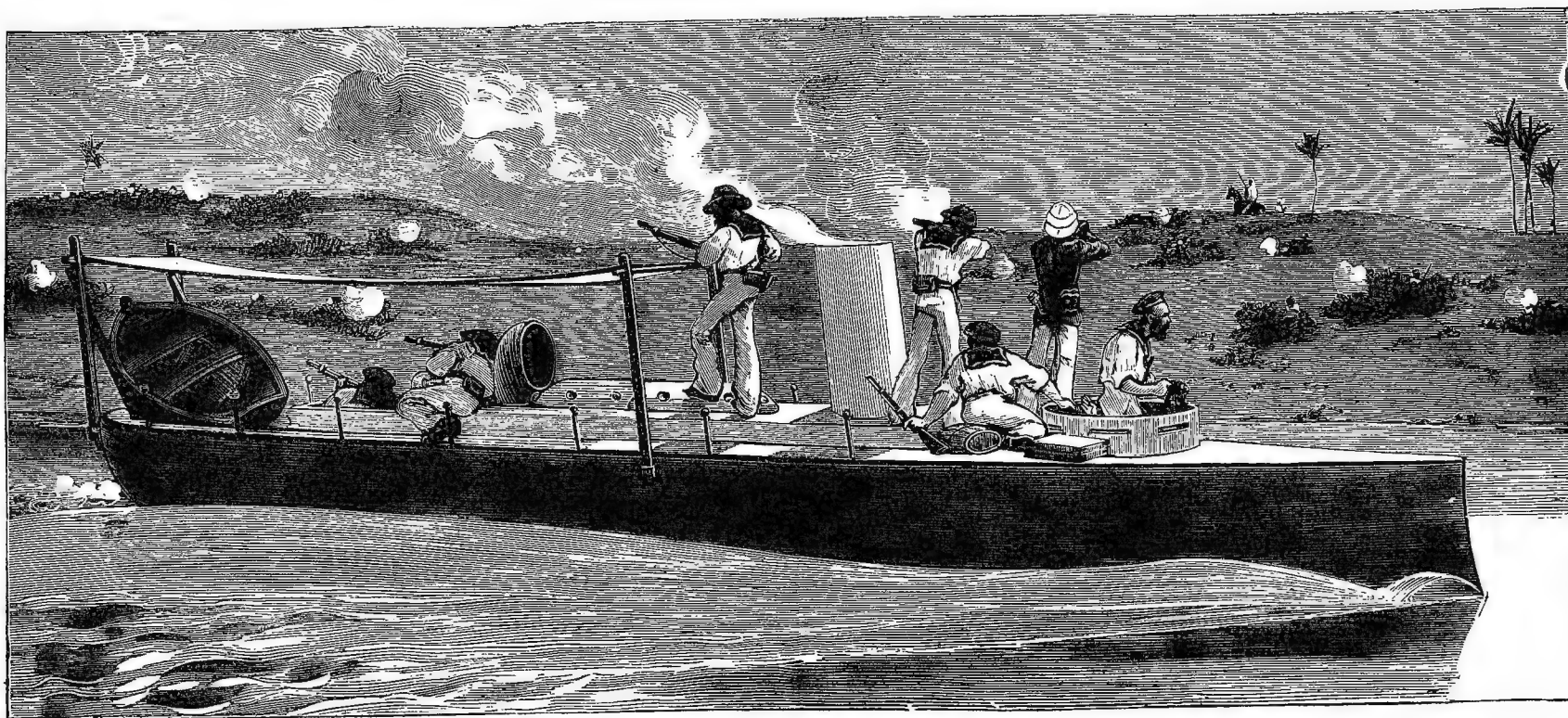
Sir Garnet Wolseley

The Duke of Connaught

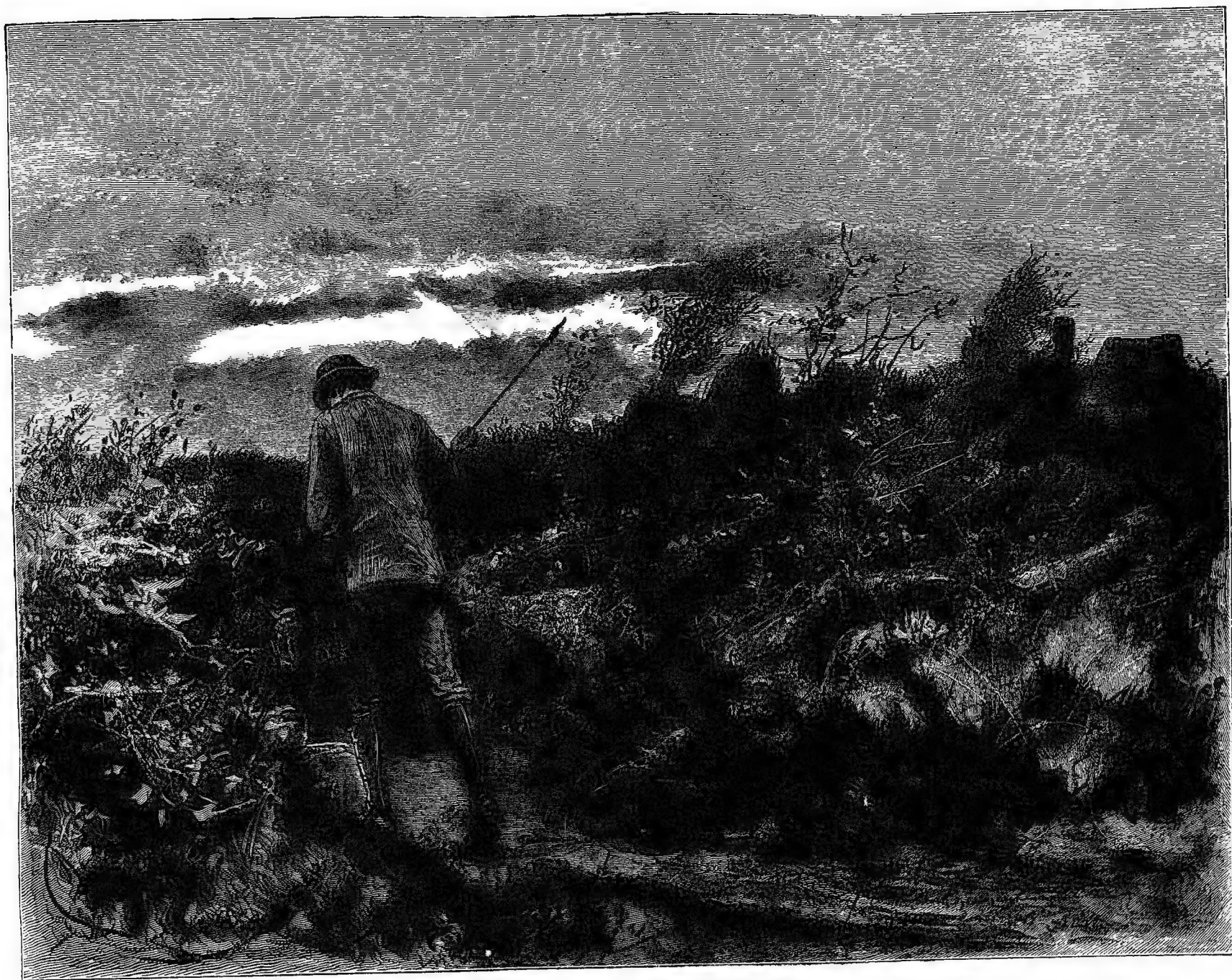
The Duke of Teck

Wounded Officer of the Highland Brigade

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO CAIRO—A SKETCH AT TEL-EL-KEBIR STATION THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPT 13
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



H.M.S. "IRIS'S" TORPEDO-BOAT, WITH DESPATCHES FOR SUEZ, ATTACKED ON THE SUEZ CANAL BY ARABS IN AMBUSCADE
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

He waved his stick and increased his pace.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BETWEEN FRIENDS

"MISS FINCH," mused Kit, when he found himself again in the village street. "Miss Finch, Green Street;" there is certainly a bird-like and Arcadian touch about that. But it is rather Burlington-Arcadian. The simplicity, I am afraid, is quite on the other side. There was never such an innocent as Mark since the world was made. In the eye of the law he may no longer be an infant; but, as Mr. Bumble said, 'the law is a hass.' No; body-snatching one has heard of, and baby-farming one knows of, but Lydia has invented the composite offence of baby-snatching. I suppose she conjectured there was no time to be lost, but she has been as quick in catching him as though he had been a fly—so, and he imitated with a sweep of his hand the process used by small boys for securing that insect. "Poor Lydia! one is sorry to put a spoke in her wheel, especially since she has an up-hill road to travel; but it must be done. To think that this has all happened to Mark—for something must have happened, and something serious, too—within less than three months! That is what comes of taking the measles late in life; for my part, I am thankful to say I had them at fifteen."

Kit smiled, and shook his head like one who is tickled with a reminiscence. "It was a very slight attack; but, however slight, it makes one safe for the rest of one's days—or nearly so." Here he looked grave enough; his thoughts had flown far from that early experience, and had projected themselves into the future. "I must be patient. To be precipitate might be to lose all. As long as Trenna is here to look after my interests I feel secure. She knows where my heart is set, and would give me warning if the least danger threatened my happiness. When she said the other night, 'I trust it has nothing to do with Maud,' it was because she feared I had some underhand scheme in my mind. She ought to have known me better. And yet, ought she? How difficult it is to keep one's mind free from cant!" He was by this time in the country, having taken the road to the Knoll as Mark had done before him. He had a stick in his hand, with which he switched the wintry rime from the leafless hedge, as is the wont of the wayside moralist. "Yes on the whole she ought. She should know where I draw the line."

Then he fell to whistling like a bird—not for want of thought, but to drown it. Vain endeavour! The incident of the morning had opened the flood-gates of memory, and it rolled on, wave overwhelming wave, without goal or channel. Still there was a central thought to which, however often he might escape from it, his mind

would always revert. "I have done her no harm, and meant her none," he would then mutter to himself; "thanks to me, she is wiser than she was, yes, and better; for wiser is better. I did not urge her to do it, though she did it for my sake; the idea entered into her own mind on a sudden, like an inspiration, as she called it. Well, why not? It was an inspiration. A sacred one, too, Heaven knows, if self-sacrifice is a sacred thing. She saved me from ruin; I shall never forget that—never, never. On the whole and in the end it was better for her, too; but that she did not know, and does not even now believe. The poor dear hankers after him yet. To me that is amazing; but then woman's love is always amazing. If it comes to that, what have I myself done to deserve it? The worst of it is that it has set her against Braithwaite. But she will help me even there. I cannot do without her, neither in that matter nor in anything else. Great Heaven! if it were not for her, what would become of me? The parsons talk of life hanging on a thread. Why, everything hangs on a thread! We weave and weave and think our web complete, then comes a single hailstone, or even a puff of wind, and all's gone. Bah! one must take one's chance."

Here he waved his stick and increased his pace, as though he would have left Black Care itself behind him. Presently the Nook chimneys came in sight: "If her home was such as this," he concluded, in reply to the same importunate thought, "it would be enough to transplant her. But in leaving the old man she will lose nothing. It is plain that her love for me has changed what little regard he ever had for her to indifference, if not to absolute dislike. The ties of nature are often like a sailor's knot; compact and fast enough to look at, yet pull but one end of it—one's own end—and the whole thing comes away in a trice. If I could but leave her here while I made my way in the world, and a place for her in it—that would be well indeed; here she would be happy as every-one else is. For poor Mark only thinks himself unhappy not knowing what it is to be so. The idea of a man's making himself miserable about Lyddy Finch! Yet Mark was not the only one, nor his lordship either, who has succumbed to the charms of that fair enslaver. The 'toils of the sorceress,' as his lady mother called them; as though her son had been a canary bird, or a milk-white hind at worst, whereas—for all his youth—he was much less like Hyperion than the Satyr. What a world of lies we live in!—Hullo, Mark," he had caught sight of his friend in the garden beneath, "how are you?"

"All right, Kit; how are you? Not that I need ask you since you have walked over from Mogadion."

"It would do you a deal of good, old fellow, if you did the same."

"Too far, my dear boy, too far," was Mark's audacious reply, but his voice trembled a little as he uttered it.

The man who invented the phrase "as easy as lying" was an expert, and made no allowance for beginners.

"Let me smoke a pipe in your own room, Mark, I want to talk to you," said Kit, thinking it best to have the matter out and over at once.

"To talk to me! Good Heavens, what about?" said Mark, with the air of the frog who had swallowed the egg and could not imagine why the duck should come to him of all creatures living to make inquiries.

Kit held his tongue till they reached Mark's sanctum, where he took a chair, lit his pipe, and observed quietly after a puff or two, "Well, old fellow, it's about Lydia Finch."

Mark's cheeks turned crimson, and, in a tone which he had certainly never used to his friend before, he inquired peremptorily, "And what has Miss Lydia Finch to do with you?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Kit with a significant stress on the word, that he could not avoid making for the life of him, and which would have tried the gravity of any indifferent spectator with a turn for the humorous; "except of course that anything which concerns you, my dear fellow, must needs affect me nearly."

"I am sure of that, Kit, quite sure," answered the other hastily; "but there are matters in which even friendship can have no share, and, you must forgive me for saying, that this is one of them."

"I understand all that, believe me; I have hitherto respected your secret (which has long been known to me) for that very reason; but I am acting under orders, and have no choice. It was your mother herself who asked me to speak with you."

"My mother!" Mark exclaimed with uncontrollable excitement. "Gracious Heavens! you don't mean to say my mother knows about Lydia?"

"Hush, hush. Pray sit down and be quiet, there's a good fellow. Why shouldn't she know, if there's nothing to be ashamed of?"

"Ashamed of? Who dares to say that of Lydia? She's as pure and good a girl as—"

"Just so," put in the other quietly (for Mark had hesitated, he scarce himself knew why, in the act of saying "as Maud or your own sister Trenna"). "As pure and good a girl as ever kept a milliner's establishment. But still the fact remains that she does preside over an emporium of that nature."

"Well, and what harm is there in that?" observed Mark sharply. "None whatever. She occupies a most respectable position in her station of life; a very different one, however, from that which your mother occupies."

"Of all the people in this world, Garston, you are the very last," observed Mark bitterly, "who have any right to play the rôle of Mrs. Grundy."

Kit looked and laughed assent. It was a proof of his self-command, for, in truth, he was wounded by the other's tone. It did not escape his attention that Mark had called him "Garston," instead of "Kit," for the first time for many a year; and that this change should have been brought about (even though it should be but temporary) by a few weeks' acquaintance with a Baddingly milliner, did not dispose Kit favourably towards that young person.

"What you say of me is very true, Mark," he answered quietly; "but then my character is not the matter in question."

"Nor is anybody's character, so far as I know," answered Mark stiffly.

"Certainly not. We were speaking of social position. Of course that's all rubbish. The difference between the Countess and the counter-keeper is not even skin-deep—it's only clothes' deep. There is nobody who will go further than I with you in contempt for such conventions. Nay, if the counter-keeper has 100,000*l.* she becomes a Countess, and nobody holds up his hands in horror. Blood and money are, in fact, convertible terms, and money is dress; so that all the logic of society is a *reductio ad absurdum*."

"Of course; of course. I thought I could not be mistaken in my dear old Kit," said Mark effusively. "I had half a mind to tell you all about it myself, for I never doubted your sympathy. But, somehow—"

"Yes?" Kit's "Yes" was not, it must be admitted, so much encouraging as it was interrogative. There was a flavour of dryness about it that disconcerted poor Mark exceedingly.

"Well, somehow, you know, you are so fond of turning things into ridicule, and I thought you might laugh at me. And I do assure you, Kit, to me this is no laughing matter."

Kit nodded gravely enough; he was quite agreed with his friend by this time upon that point.

"But, now I am assured that you agree with me," continued the other cheerfully, "that no girl, provided she is pure and good, is disqualified by her mere position from being one's wife—in fact, that you are prepared to listen to reason, why I don't mind discussing the subject."

"Very good, Mark. May I ask how you first became acquainted with Lydia—this young lady?"

"By what was very literally a most fortunate accident. She was driving with her uncle one afternoon in the Baddingly Road, and I was walking alone there, and the horse took fright at something—"

"You?"

"No, not me," pursued Mark with the greatest gravity: "a milestone; and she was thrown out of the—the gig, almost into my very arms."

"It was not a gig," thought Kit; "it wanted the respectability of a gig; it was a taxed cart, I'll bet a shilling."—"Well; she was not hurt, I hope."

"No; only a good deal shaken."

"To be well shaken, and then taken," says the prescription," observed Kit gaily, "and you followed it."

"I mean to follow it," answered Mark, frowning in reproof of this levity. "I will take her for better or worse for my life long. So help me Heaven!"

"What a world it would be if one could do what one liked in it!" observed Kit thoughtfully; "and especially if one had no female relatives."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, no mother and sister, for instance."

"Of course there are difficulties to be overcome," sighed Mark; "prejudices to be smoothed away; hearts, to me tender enough, but which will need to be softened as regards my darling. Oh! Kit, she is so kind and gentle, so pure, and so fair! To look at her is to love her. I cannot believe that my mother and dear Maud could hold out against her long. If she does not take their hearts by storm as she took mine (I own it), it will be only a question of time. They will yield to the importunity of her virtues and her graces. But if they do not, I shall marry her all the same. We shall need but little to live upon, and we shall live near here. Then, after a while, it is impossible but that there should be reconciliation between us and my dear ones here at home. I think I shall take old Nevill's cottage."

"What dreams!" answered Kit, softly. "My dear Mark, how I envy you. I have have not dreamt like that myself since I was sixteen."

"They are dreams that will be realities. No human being shall prevent their fulfilment."

Kit shook his head.

"I know, of course, what you are thinking," said Mark. "You believe that duty, or what passes for duty, will conquer love. That is because you do not understand what love is."

"Nay, Mark; there you wrong me. I do understand. I can even believe that in your exceptional position, with a mother who doats upon you, and whom you might persuade that your happiness was bound up in this ill-assorted marriage, that it might possibly take place."

"And who but my mother will prevent it?"

"I will."

CHAPTER XXX.

AN ARRANGEMENT IN PINK AND WHITE

KIT had not exaggerated to himself the danger of his standing between Mark and his beloved object when he said that it would strain the bond of friendship between them to the uttermost. To judge by Mark's face when he heard that "I will" from the lips of Kit, you would have thought the bond was broken.

"You will? You will prevent my marrying the girl of my choice, even though my mother should consent? You must be mad, Garston."

"No, my dear Mark, I am only the friend of a madman, or rather, let me say, of one who is suffering from an attack of temporary aberration. Listen."

"I will listen to nothing that suggests my breaking my word—my written word—to Lydia."

"Good Heavens! Have you promised marriage to her in writing? Why, Mark, you are of age."

"That matters nothing. I would in no case have broken my word? My word? Nay, my oath, for have I not just sworn to marry her?"

"Your oath had a qualification. You said just now that no girl who was pure and good was disqualified from being your wife."

"Garston, how dare you! If we are ever to speak to one another again, I warn you to say no word against my Lydia. I love you as no man ever loved another, I do believe; but there are things one can never pardon."

"I am quite aware of it; I am aware, too, as regards Love and Friendship, that when it comes to jostling the weakest doesn't go to the wall, but is pushed into the gutter. There let Friendship lie; but nevertheless I must tell the truth."

"I am not afraid of the truth."

"I take that for granted, Mark; nor can I believe, since you are a just man, that you will discard me from your heart for telling it. I am not worth much, but never in my whole life have I gratuitously inflicted harm on any man; how much less, then, would I inflict it on you? You believe that, surely?"

"I believe that; but I give you fair warning that I will not

believe your word, nor the word of any man, if it has aught of ill to say of Lydia."

"I expected nothing less, Mark. What are words, however honest, compared with the spells of an enchantress? What are words of a lifelong friend as against the smile of a pretty girl one has known, or whom one flatters oneself one has known, for a few weeks at furthest? However, I will give you proof."

"I will believe no proofs. I know how facts can be distorted to suit the views of an advocate; nay, how circumstances themselves can so fall out as to impute guilt to the most guileless. The case of Abel Deeds is an example."

The pitying smile which had played about Kit's lips at each new proof of the other's confidence here faded from his face. "I have something stronger than fact and circumstance to urge, Mark. Suppose I placed in your hands a letter, written by this girl herself, admitting not only a previous passion, but that the subject or the author of it was supplying her with her present means of livelihood; that, in a word, she is the pensioned, cast-off mistress of another man?"

"Then I should say it was a base and wicked forgery."

"But if the girl herself confessed it to be her own handwriting, and that these allegations were true?"

"Then I should believe it; and it would break my heart."

"My poor Mark, my poor dear Mark!"

For a moment there was silence between them.

"I do not want your pity," exclaimed Mark, with sudden vehemence, and rising from his seat, "I want nothing but the truth. Give me this letter—the letter that you dare to say Lydia wrote."

Kit produced a folded note from his breast pocket. "You know her handwriting, I conclude?"

"Every stroke of it. Do not fancy you will deceive me."

Kit handed him the letter. "Is it likely I should try to deceive you, Mark? Is it probable that I should have taken the wicked pains to forge this poor girl's hand when a word from her would expose the fraud—a word, however, she will never speak, believe me."

Mark ran his eye over the note, and, staggering back into his chair, covered his face with his hands.

The apprehension that was most immediately present to Kit's mind was that Mark would inquire how the letter had come into his possession; and though he had an answer to it, and a very conclusive one, it was such as would hardly have been agreeable to the inquirer.

But to Mark, prostrated by this terrible and unexpected blow, no such question fortunately suggested itself. The wreck of his hopes was too complete and overwhelming to admit of his giving a thought to details. One question only he asked, in a voice half suffocated with passion, and with a wolfish look in his mild eyes that betrayed "the will-beast of force" which, however unsuspected, has its lair within the heart of every man. "And who was the damned villain to whom this letter was addressed?"

"You must pardon me, Mark, if I refuse to tell you. You can obtain his name, of course, if you choose to ask it, of the writer herself. But this much it is fair to say, that he was no villain. Miss Finch did not fall into his arms out of a gig, but in a less involuntary fashion. I have said that there was a previous lover."

Mark groaned.

"This man will never believe in woman again," thought Kit to himself. And in one sense he was right. There are some men and many women who, having discovered the object of their affection is unworthy of them, never place them elsewhere. Like the subject bee whom the queen bee deigns to honour with her regard, they never enter the lists of love again. They cannot, like him, disappear in the viewless fields of air, and be never more beheld of mortal eye, but they henceforth retreat into themselves, so far as love is concerned, and are dead to it.

"Oh! Kit, Kit, what shall I do?" moaned Mark, after a long silence.

"I should send her that letter—no, a copy of it—with these words written within the envelope that contains it:—'This is the reason why I will never see you again.' She will not answer that, for there can be no answer to it, and then you will be free."

"Free!" Never was more of bitterness concentrated in a monosyllable than lay in that word.

"Do you forgive me, Mark?" whispered Kit gently, and taking his friend's unresponsive hand in his. "Do you remember that I was but as the surgeon whose knife cuts to the bone indeed, but only to heal?"

"Yes, yes; but there is one that I will never forgive, never, never—the vile, remorseless villain who robbed that poor girl of her innocence."

"Remember, Mark, how much worse it would have been had I not spoken," continued Kit, without taking notice of this last outburst. "Suppose you had married the girl, and found all this out afterwards?"

Mark shuddered from head to foot.

"How would it have been, then, with your poor mother, and with Maud? If you have lost, or seem to have lost much, think how much more you have escaped, and be thankful."

To see Mr. Christopher Garston, in his entirely novel part of Mentor, dispensing these grave and philosophic observations, instead of his usual fireworks, was a remarkable spectacle. He compared himself afterwards, not inaptly, to a professor of legerdemain who evolves from his interior, or appears to do so, an endless succession of ribbons, in this case with moral reflections engraved on them—phylacteries.

"Is it necessary, supposing all is as you assert it to be," said poor Mark, clinging to his last straw, "that my mother should know of this?"

"Certainly not. She will be too glad to feel that you are her own again to be curious as to how she regained you. Indeed, knowing that this interview could have but one end, I extracted a promise from her that she should ask no questions."

"That was kind and thoughtful of you, Kit," returned the other, grasping his hand. "Let me, in my turn, exact a promise from you that this subject is henceforward a sealed one between us."

"Unless you yourself revert to it, Mark, it assuredly shall be so," answered Kit earnestly.

He made this proviso in order to keep himself informed as to the conclusion of the matter; though he was pretty confident what it would be. Miss Lydia Finch was not, as we may conclude, free from the frailties of her sex; but, in one respect, he was aware she was exceptionally reasonable. She knew how to accept the logic of facts, and to submit to them. The matter, in short, resolved itself into a mere episode in Mark Medway's life, though one that shaped its whole future current. Once only did he again revert to it in his friend's presence.

"Kit," he said, a few days afterwards, pointing to a heap of feathery ashes in his fireplace, "you long ago preserved my life, and now you have saved my honour."

Whereby Kit knew that Miss Finch had sent Mark all his letters back, and that he had burnt them. "It was like burning bank notes, I reckon," said Kit, significantly.

"Well, of course, I sent her a cheque. That was the least costly part of the transaction," sighed Mark.

"One can't be lapped in soft Lydian airs for nothing," was Kit's characteristic reflection, but all he said was, "I can well believe that, dear fellow."

Mrs. Medway kept her promise as regarded asking no questions,

though the temptation will be admitted by all daughters of Eve to have been well-nigh irresistible; but Kit was careful to let her know that the peril had been great and imminent from which her son had escaped. Her gratitude to his preserver was unbounded; and he felt that he could rely upon her good-will almost as much as on that of Mark himself.

It was well for him; for, indeed, a time was coming in which Christopher Garston would stand in need of friends.

(To be continued)



"LA RUSSIA SOTTERRANEA," by "Stepniak" (Milan: Treves). This brilliant little book may fairly be described as unique in literature. It is the work of one of the most active and daring of Russian revolutionists, and it presents a series of studies from the life of perhaps the most remarkable political movement in history. To say this is to say a very great deal. Hitherto the ways of Nihilism have been dark and strange, as its achievements have been tremendous. Little or nothing to the purpose has been told of it. Such novelists and playwrights as have dealt with it have produced mere nonsense; not a single journalist has ever discovered the smallest of its secrets, much less plucked out the heart of its mystery; and those who could speak of it with authority have hitherto had something else to do. By the publication of "La Russia Sotterranea" the case is altered, and greatly. The writer is a practical Nihilist, and he tells us as much of practical Nihilism as he thinks it is necessary for us to know. The result is a book that can hardly be too highly recommended, whether as history or as actual romance. In his first chapter "Stepniak," who is a revolutionist of ten years' standing and the ex-Editor of *Land and Liberty*, sketches the growth of the whole movement, from its origin in the scientific hedonism of thirty years ago to its latest and bloodiest expression in the practical anarchism of Sophy Perovsky and Valerian Ossinsky. This part of his work is excellent considered as style, and of great merit and still greater interest considered as history. It is followed by a series of very striking "Portraits": of Stevanovich, of Ossinsky, of Vera Zazulitch, of Prince Krapotkine, of Sophie Perovsky, and some other heroes of the movement. And these are in their turn succeeded by a set of "Sketches": of the attempt at Moscow, of escapes from prison, of a secret printing-office, and so forth. Then, in a final chapter, the writer concludes his indictment against the existing Government, and predicts in confident terms the success of the party whose operations he has been describing. It is unnecessary to say that he discovers nothing that need be concealed; as unnecessary is it to add that what he has to tell is novel and strange in a very high degree. Colonel Lavroff, who contributes a preface, in which he vouches for the authenticity of the book, is of opinion that "La Russia Sotterranea" will presently appear in all the languages of Europe. That it deserves translation is unquestionable; and we are quite prepared to believe that in English it would be widely read and attract a great deal of attention.

Mr. Edward Stack's "Six Months in Persia" (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.) is at once pleasant and valuable. Mr. Stack's knowledge of the East is considerable. His reflections on the condition of Persia at the present moment carry weight; whilst his descriptions of scenery are notably bright and graphic. By means of the recently opened Sind Railway he travelled from Lahore to Karachi—a dull, if easy, journey through a land where all things are covered with soft white dust—a lone expanse of white clay, now barren, now spread with large tamarisks—a region of level desert, bound in by the savage mountains of Southern Afghanistan. Through such a country which, for desolation and wildness, is unmatched even by the Persian hill-regions themselves, Mr. Stack journeyed to Karachi, where he embarked for the Persian Gulf. As in the farthestmost solitudes of the American prairies the wanderer meets (in the shape of empty meat-tins and cans that once held preserved fruits) evidences of the newest civilisation; so in the most forbidding fastnesses of the Mekran hills he finds the lonely English telegraph stations of Omara and Gwadar. The latter place, which is probably one of the tiniest and dirtiest villages in the world, is ruled by a deputy of the Sultan of Muscat, who lives in a palace of mud, guarded by a fine piece of old bronze ordnance (probably Portuguese) which stands at the door. Palace and gun notwithstanding, the wretched place has been for years the hunting-ground of fever, and two telegraphists and the apothecary were "down" when the *Kajutana's* boat put in with mails. After the barren wilderness of Mekran, Muscat, on the Arabian coast of the Gulf, strikes one as a land of comparative majesty, whose mountains, though vast and often towering into the clouds, slope gently down with grace rather than ruggedness. After Muscat, well-built Bushire, by way of which Mr. Stack entered the old, old kingdom of the Shahs. Shiraz, Persepolis, Karman, Teheran, and other places are admirably described; whilst the chapters devoted to geography and statistics are specially useful. Altogether, this is an able, entertaining, and instructive work.

Old "Savages" who read the anonymous "Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian" (2 vols.: Tinsley Brothers) will have little difficulty in guessing who is the author. We at all events easily recognise a personage who, in the days when the Savage Club was less ambitious and rather poorer than it is now, used to be seen in a certain snuggerly at Gordon's Hotel, mixing salads with great gusto, and compounding rare and potent drinks. "Senex Loquax" is the motto on the title-page; and it is significant. There is, in truth, a good deal of the "old man eloquent" in these pages. The author rambles on from one subject to another with a garrulous inconsistency which, if it is not excusable from a critical point of view, at all events saves his book from absolute dullness. Literary style it cannot be said to possess, any more than it can be credited with a distinct plan; and there are not a few instances of bad taste in the introduction of scandals, and not wholly gratifying facts about persons mentioned by name. These had been best left in judicious oblivion. It is true that in most, if not all, of these cases the people referred to are dead and gone; but should not there be a little consideration for their relatives? We think so. At the same time there is a good deal in these pages which is interesting. The author has wandered all over Europe, if not all over the world; and his reminiscences of people, places, and events have a certain attraction which, in the nature of things, inevitably belongs to them. So the narrative wanders on, now autobiographical and anecdotal, now argumentative and occasionally learned; here a collection of curious culinary hints, there a piece of gossip sad or "spicy," but always acceptable to a certain insatiable class of readers, and not without some sort of value as more or less faithful reflections of human life and human nature. The book is written for idle folks, whose wishes it will gratify, for the author understands them thoroughly.

It is not possible to say much for "Romney and Lawrence," Lord Ronald Gower's contribution to the new series of "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists" (S. Low and Co.). These writings are mere sketches, and have no claim to the title of biography. As elementary introductions they have their use, no doubt; but they add nothing to history or to criticism, whilst they are not very creditable as style. They appear to be based chiefly on Cunningham

GRASS.—Now is the time for renewing grass, covering over patches on lawns, and preparing for a fresh growth after the summer wear of feet which "the damp" is now warning off "the grass." Grass seed should now be sown wherever the old grass is worn away, or where it is thin and poor. The work should be done in dry weather, and three bushels to two acres is a good medium quantity to sow. A dressing of rich soil is naturally beneficial; after the seed is sown the surface should be thoroughly bush-harrowed, and finally rolled. A dressing of soot, salt, and lime will greatly assist in destroying injurious insects and acting as a fertiliser. This dressing has a most satisfactory effect on the finer grass with which tennis and other lawns are sown. A very bad patch is most expeditiously covered with turfing, and anything that is much of an eyesore should be remedied as quickly as possible, otherwise the

THE CHESTER FARMERS' CLUB have agreed upon "a reform charter," which consists of the following resolutions. 1. That compensation should be given for unexhausted improvements. 2. That notices to quit should be given to farmers a year in advance. 3. That County Court judges should have power to settle all ordinary disputes between landlord and tenant. 4. That freedom of cultivation should be accorded to farmers. 5. That distress for rent should be limited to one year. All but the last of these reforms are of a conservative character, and even that is not very alarming in its radicalism.

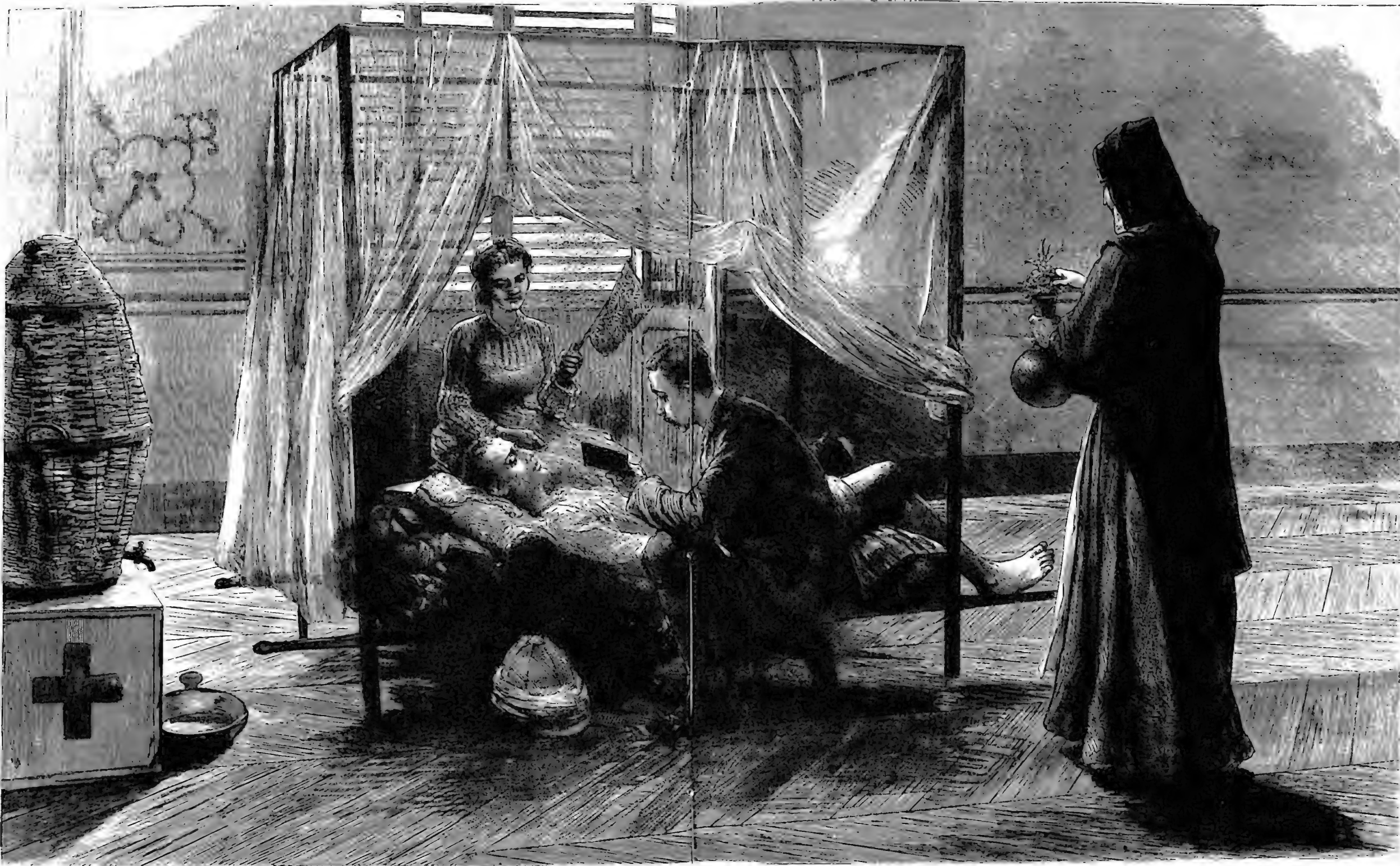


Out-door jackets are worn much shorter than last season, and the autumn mantles scarcely come below the waist. For the really cold

It is always difficult to vary the graceful monotony of a bridal costume, but from one of the leading houses in Paris came recently a very charming dress, a mixture of satin and *poult de soie*. It was made thus : the skirt was arranged with bands of satin cut on the cross, alternated with bands of *poult de soie*, on each side were small ruchings of *moiré* ribbon mixed with tiny bows, which fluttered with every movement ; on the hem was a very full quilted ruching of silk lined with satin. The train was very long and narrow, with puffings of silk and lace, a tiny wreath of orange-blossom divided the *bouillonnés* and went round the corsage, which was gathered on the shoulders, crossed over the chest, and finished off *en panier*.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND WEATHER FORECASTING

It seems to be the fate of weather science to suffer in this manner. The letter of the Duke of Argyll which appeared a short time since in *The Times* is a curious instance of this. His Grace complains that his barometer has not been giving him sufficiently early indications of coming storms; and that while neglecting to warn him of storms coming over Scotland, it did fall in Scotland for storms which



OUR WOUNDED IN EGYPT

A LIFE GUARDSMAN IN HOSPITAL AT ISMAILIA, ATTENDED BY AN EGYPTIAN, A WESLEYAN CHAPLAIN, AND A SISTER OF MERCY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

affected only the south of England. His Grace is known as a successful student of science, but surely in this case he charges his barometer with fault unjustly. He writes as if now the only way in which to read the barometer was to expect bad weather when it fell, and good weather when it rose again. So it might have been twenty years ago, but the scientific use of the barometer has been learned to some purpose since then. No meteorologist would now expect to forecast the weather accurately with one barometer, and without knowledge by telegraph of the reading of other barometers in various parts of the kingdom. And no more need an observer expect to be correct if he trusts only to one spectroscope, his own, and does not take account of a thousand other details collected from many quarters, each of which shall have its own weight in the final determination.

Apart from other instruments, the spectroscope, and especially the observations of one spectroscope, have but little value, but when taken, as it ever ought to be, in conjunction with other instruments, and other observed facts, its value will ultimately be found to be very great. The degree of humidity of the atmosphere, the direction of the wind, the temperature, the character of the clouds, will all doubtless be found of importance as materials in a forecast of weather prepared by the aid of spectroscopic observations, and, while an observer neglecting these might justly be expected to fail in his predictions, another, who takes them all into account in a scientific manner, will gain all the credit of success.

Meteorology cannot afford to disregard the service rendered by any instrument, however slight that service may be. The science of weather forecasting is too recent, and its conclusions still too uncertain, to warrant its refusal of the aid which may be given by new instruments and more improved methods of observation. Only, these new instruments must take their place along with, and not in opposition to, the instruments on which reliance can be placed, as the result of the experience of the past.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL



I.

In an able article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Site of Paradise"—based on a recent work by the well-known Assyriologist, Professor Friedrich Delitzsch—the Rev. C. H. Wright is of opinion that Professor Delitzsch proves conclusively that the description of Eden in the Book of Genesis is geographically correct, and that the Paradise of Scripture must have lain in the district immediately north of Babylon, where the Euphrates and Tigris approach nearest to one another, and the former river (that which "watered the garden") sent forth the large branches, which the sacred writer calls Gihon and Pison, towards the lands of Cush and Havila. The arguments, drawn in part from ancient history, in part from recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions, are undoubtedly most ingenious, and the identification of Cush and Havila with countries bordering on Babylonia seems conclusive. It may be added, as a curious coincidence, that an ancient name of Babylon itself was Tintira, i.e., according to Dr. Wright, the "grove of life."—In a short paper on "The Roumanian Peasants and Their Songs," Mr. C. F. Keary gives some excellent specimens, from the collection of M. Torceanu, of this little known variety of the *folk-lore*. The dialect, Rouman Latin in the main, with a large infusion of Slav words and phrases, is in singular correspondence with the sentiment of lays in which quaint conceits like those of the Italian peasant-songs are mingled ever and again with deeper notes of Slavonic passion and romance.—Mr. Alex. A. Knox writes "About Voltaire" in a lively fashion, which is most effective to re-awaken our fading interest in the French philosopher and his times, and above all in those two most attractive periods of his life, the long *haison* with "the admirable Madame du Châtelet," and the twenty years' residence at Ferney.—Mrs. Jebb pleads eloquently for "Handwork for Children" as a part of education in Board Schools—not hand-work of the severer kind, which would scarcely differ from apprenticeship to a trade, and would overtask the strength of the very young, but work of a light and easy sort, such as mosaic making, modelling in clay, &c., which day by day would make the hand more dexterous and teach the eye to judge of form and colour. Such training would not only, she thinks, make good artisans, but be even useful in itself in after days when ordinary trades are suffering from depression.—Mr. C. Kegan Paul in his "Faith and Unfaith," puts rather forcibly the extreme difficulty—quietly ignored in practice by the majority of us—of tracing any logical *via media* between the two extremes of accepting all to which Newman, for instance, would assent or falling back on sheer Agnosticism; and Mr. Howell contributes a valuable paper, brimful of statistics, on the "Financial Condition of Trades Unions." Despite the unfavourable opinion expressed some years ago by certain eminent actuaries, no important Union has yet become insolvent, and this Mr. Howell attributes in great measure to "the elastic nature of their constitution, especially with respect to levies and extra contributions."

Of three articles on Egypt in the *Contemporary* one only, Sir R. Temple's "Principles of British Policy in Egypt," deals with questions of the immediate future. It should be our policy, the writer thinks, to show that our work has been done, not for our own interests only, but for others also; to help the Egyptians to self-government, and generally content ourselves with a position of moral advantage without taking any steps which could be denounced as aggressive. Indeed, Sir Richard, if we understand him rightly, would advocate the restoration of the Joint Control. Of the two other papers Professor Amos's "Spoiling the Egyptians," a vigorous defence of the British Government against the charge of acting in the interests of the bondholders, and Mr. Mulhall's "Egyptian Finance," both treat of matters anterior to the war. But Mr. Mulhall, unlike the Professor, who paints Ismail Pasha in the blackest colours, believes that the late Khédive was more sinned against than sinning. "Of fifty and a half millions, the net produce of his nine loans, forty-six millions were spent by Ismail on public works of a reproductive character."—Mr. C. Baden-Powell vigorously protests against "Clôture for the House of Commons" as un-English and unnecessary. "As a matter of fact, only one of our colonies, South Australia, has any Clôture rule whatever." In Victoria and New Zealand the Clôture has been deliberately tried and deliberately discarded.—Mr. Phil Robinson makes merry with "the monotony of error" in the stock references to "Foreign Birds" in English poetry, from the familiar, but ludicrously erroneous, picture of the pelican feeding her young with her own life's blood, to the description of "the silent flash of the humming-bird" as "a rapid fly more heard than seen."—Mr. Proctor concludes a learned article on comets, with the remark that though electricity is as yet a purely hypothetical explanation of cometic phenomena, "there is nothing outside of electricity which offers even a promise of explanation;" and M. Monod sends another interesting study of "Contemporary Life and Thought in France," in which the curious attitude of the present Chamber, unable and seemingly undesirable to make up a real Government majority with a definite programme, is very cleverly depicted. M. Monod evidently could find it in his heart to wish that the next elections would return a good number of Extreme candidates, more especially of the Right, and so frighten "the more sensible Republicans, Gambettists, and non-Gambettists" into a coalition.

The *Cornhill* hardly pleases us so much as usual, though there is a vast amount of pleasant reading in a paper on "Miss Edgeworth," or perhaps we should rather say, on her vivacious and much-married father and his friends, Dr. Darwin and "Sandford and Merton" Day; and some new information of the minute kind which students love in the first chapter of "Voltaire in England."—"A Visit to Delphi" well describes a scene which will soon be accessible to the every-day tourist—men were taking surveys for a carriage road to the coast when the travellers left the spot. "A Glimpse of America" cleverly brings out a feature in American travel not often mentioned—the strong impression of foreign locality, where every one is talking English.

In *Fraser*, under the quaint title of "English: its Ancestors and its Progeny," Mrs. Humphries gives an excellent account of the principles on which the Philosophical Society have framed the great Dictionary which, when complete, will be at once a Lexicon and a Biography of the English language, and of the actual progress of Dr. Murray's work; and Mr. Edwin de Leon tells amusingly how he introduced the telephone into Egypt, to the great annoyance of the Minister of Public Works, who sorely objected to more telegraph posts, and to the wonderment of the Chief of the Police, who declined for a long time to believe that it was possible to make the "box" speak Arabic.—In the *Atlantic* Mr. Cushing gives us another chapter on the *Ha-va-su-pai*, "The Nation of the Willows," as seen in their almost inaccessible retreats in the side cañons of the Colorado plateau.—Mr. Hardy gives a fresh instalment of his exciting novel "Two Upon a Tower," and Mrs. Preston takes us "among the Sabine Hills," through Horace's country, from Subiaco to Palustrina.—In the *North American* Dr. Schliemann narrates how his Trojan campaign this year has proved that at Hisarlik in remote antiquity there were two cities, each destroyed by fire, the older of which corresponds perfectly to Homer's Troy, and that the so-called tumuli of Achilles and Patroclus cannot lay claim to higher antiquity than B.C. 900, whereas the tumulus of Protesilaus is most probably coeval with the second pre-historic city at Hisarlik.—Professor Sargent has a clever paper on "The Prosecution of Forests" in the United States, and Mr. Hyndman another on "The Coming Revolution in England," which we read with something of the pleasant horror inspired by a ghost-story in which we do not quite believe, yet cannot say but that there is something in it.

London Society, with a fair notice and portrait of "Alphonse Daudet," and some good things in its "Anecdote Corner"; *Tinsley*, with a pleasant short story, "Just Admitted"; the *Theatre*, with a paper on the new "School of Dramatic Art," and some interesting anecdotes in its "Musical Box"; *Household Words*, with some lively pictures of a Scotch holiday tour; *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Magazine*, are all numbers quite of average excellence.

SAILORS: PAST AND PRESENT

IN recent years our sailors have been changing, and that with great rapidity. In the last fifteen years, indeed, the number of the men who man our sailing vessels has fallen off one-third, whilst the number of the men who navigate steam vessels has more than doubled. In 1867, we had 196,340 men employed in the British sailing and steam vessels—exclusive of those employed in river traffic—and out of these 153,229, or more than three-fourths, were strictly sailors. Now we have 192,903 mariners, and only 102,498—not much more than half—are employed in sailing vessels. And when it is remembered that the steamers, by quicker and more regular sailing, do the greater part of the ocean carrying work, and that their crews consist very largely of other than "sailors" proper, it will be seen that there is as much ground for the complaint as to the decay of sailors as there was in "Elia's" day for one as to the decay of beggars.

But there is more than the variation in the number; there is a change in the character of the seafaring population. On the stage, and in some novels, the sailor is still represented in the form that Maryatt and Cooper photographed the sailors of the past. The Jack Tar of those days was a character; his language, his person, his memory, his dress, and other accompaniments were peculiar. His language, vouched for by Maryatt, described death as "tripping the anchor to another world," marriage as "splicing," his face was a "figure head," his hand a "fin;" all familiar things suffered a sea-change when he had to speak of them. He could not read—"There's not one in ten of us can follow the parson wi' his book," Maryatt makes one of his characters say—and thus his method of recalling events was strange. He "came into the service a little afore the battle of Bunker's Hill," and his child was born—"launched,"—a few months before he was "turned over to the *Melpomene*," or other vessel he had sailed in. He wore often a pigtail; often "lovelocks" on the temples; his white trousers in the navy needed continually "hitching up;" the quid was ever in his cheek; he had a "trident" on his arm; and his expletives, beyond the generic shivering of his "timbers," were characterised more by force than novelty. The followers of our great sea novelists, and some of the dramatists, improved upon their portraiture, and thus we had that curious compound whose chief duty seemed to be dancing hornpipes on the deck in his chief officer's presence; sitting on the main-top-gallant yard to think of Black-eyed Susan; and to undergo broadsword combats with boarding enemies.

But, however exaggerated were those caricatures, the sailor of the past was a distinctly-marked individual. He was, if not like Peter Simple the "fool," often the runaway of the family, who took to water as the ducks did, and whose life at sea was that of constant danger, of hard work and rough living, whilst his enjoyments on shore were those to which such a life gives a zest. The navy and the merchant ships were fed by the love of the sea that is inbred in so many natures, by the stirring sea-songs of Dibdin, and by the fact that it was long the chief outlet for that wild, adventurous career which has its charms where the tame life of towns and land palls.

But when steam entered into the service of the navigator, it gave the first of the wounds that were to be fatal to the romance of the sea life, and it has reduced to an exact science that which had been to that time guided largely by the rule of thumb. When the first steam collier went forth with her cargo of coal from the Tyne, the sailors scoffed, knowing not that the future would show that the quicker, cheaper service would change all trade, and would in the change overturn the traditions of the sea. The effect has been that in less than thirty years the great bulk of our commerce is carried in steam vessels, and as there are continuous improvements in the method of navigation, and the area is extended, it is tolerably certain that steam navigation will increase, whilst sailing vessels will decrease. Fifteen years have reduced the sailing tonnage of the United Kingdom by one million tons, whilst the increase in that time of the steam tonnage has been slightly more than double that amount; and the rapidity of the fall of the former and the rise of the latter has been great in the latter of these years. Hence it is, humanly speaking, only a question of time how long it is before sailing vessels become rare exceptions.

Whilst this change in the vessels has been taking place it has contributed to, as well as accompanied, changes in the character of the men that man them. Fewer sailors—using the word to define all who go down to the sea in vessels as an employment—fewer sailors are needed now to do a given work, fewer even for a given tonnage; and in the lessened proportion there are a not inconsiderable number who are engineers, firemen, and others needed to attend to, regulate, and control the navigating power, but in no way

resembling the sailors of the past. Admixture with these has assisted to change the life of the sailor, and employment on board steam vessels has made navigation to some extent an exact science. In the old days nautical experience was the chief requisite, but nautical skill and science are as needful now; and thus the sailor who wishes promotion must devote his nights to the study of "Norie," and his days to the use of quadrants. Of old every man was a student of the ways of the weather and the signs of the sea; now duty is so allotted that some, like Sir Joseph Porter, "never thought of thinking" of these things at all. In early days the sea life and fare were rough; now there are floating palatial hotels. Of old "dim" but not religious light lingered in the cabin, and still more dimly dawned in the fore-cabin; now the touch of a handle throws the glare of electricity in cabin and state-room. Then there were chaplains of the fleet, their chief duty being to pray, before going into action, for deliverance from "battle, murder, and bloody death;" now there is some attempt to unite in worship on the sea. And thus, with an education which is more general, with a greater mixture of classes, with the introduction of a belief that the sea life is a profession, with wages less changed by winds and waves, there has been the introduction of a civil code of life and manners at sea, and the polishing of an exterior that once was the rough outside of a gallant and a brave race.

Thus the years have changed the sailor. The hero of Marryat and Chamier, of Cooper and Dibdin, has passed away in the "saucy *Arcturion*," the "brave *Coronation*," and others that are renowned in sailors' songs. True British sailors "rant and roar" no more; "Sam Swipes," who was a "brave and bold tar," but "never could withstand a glass or so of grog," is no longer the type of the sailor; and the roystering old salt of old has passed away as completely as the idea that Montaigne ascribes to Plutarch that sea sickness was ascribed to fear. Our sailors are changed as much in two generations as are our vessels from the first vessel we read of, which sailed on a shoreless deep till it grounded on Ararat. Chiefly that change is for good; and, though the pay is still small and the danger great of the sailor, yet the saying that his is "a dog's life" has less force and truth now. Still there are dangers on sea as on shore; still the roaring ocean and the night wind "beat at the heart of the mother" on shore; and still—though "timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak," and "crooked cedar knees" have given place to metal for constructional purposes—the old dangers remain, and there is many a result such as that pictured, when

Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

J. W. STEEL



MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.—Bright and pleasing are both words and music of "A Rhine Legend," a cantata for ladies' voices, music by A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac. Cantab. The libretto, by Edward Oxenford, is founded on an old legend of the Rhine, which tells of an ambitious mortal princess who tries to excel the water fairies as a vocalist, and failing is finally carried off by the angry "fays of the Rhine," from whom she cannot be released until some fortunate mortal fulfils the task she failed in. To this day the maidens of the surrounding country assemble every Midsummer Eve, and endeavour to release the unfortunate princess. Lady Principals of schools will find this cantata well adapted for a breaking-up party.—Rudolf Herzer is endowed with the gift of writing very pretty dance music. "La Lune Valse," "The Silver Star Polka," and "The Stirrup Galop," are three excellent specimens of his powers, and will doubtless take a foremost place amongst their kindred this winter; the last-named will be first favourite.—Equally good are a brace of waltzes by Franz Zeffel. "With Thee" is quite the prettiest produced this season, and "The Rose Maiden" takes a very good second place.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—Two pleasing songs, music by Florian Pascal, are "The Captain's Daughter," a narrative song of the sea, with a sad ending, words by F. E. Weatherly, compass from C below the lines to E fourth space, and "Only a Little While," words by H. P. Stephens, published in three keys.—There is much originality in "Far and Near" ("The Maiden's Song"), written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and Philippe Maquet; this song is published in three keys.—"Bitter Moments" is a sentimental song of medium compass and very ordinary merit, written and composed by N. P. Willis and Eugene Barnett.—A very facetious song for a penny reading is "Not So Black as We're Painted," the words by Reginald Barnett are wedded to a suitably comic melody by J. B. Waldeck.—Three showy and not over-difficult pieces for the pianoforte, by G. Bachmann, will be welcome alike in the school-room and drawing-room; they are entitled respectively, "Dance Rustique," a *morceau brillant*; "Isabelle," a *grande valse*; and "Mazeppa," a brilliant galop.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"The Angel's Whisper" has so long been associated with Lover's plaintive poem and music that we cannot admire any other setting, although Frank H. Simms has handled it skilfully enough to please these persons who do not know the original arrangement.—By the same composer is a graceful serenade for a tenor, "O'er the Hills the Dawn is Stealing," the words by M. E. Garth.—"A National Hymn," by Charles Whitmore Stokes, cannot lay claim to originality of sentiment or melody; at the same time it is a stirring song for the present period, and will evoke enthusiasm when sung in public, with a general chorus.—Violinists of medium power will be glad to learn that Frederick Weekes has published a second series of "Favourite Melodies" for Violin and Piano. No. 1 is "Largo" (Handel), No. 2, Gounod's well-known serenade, "La Berceuse"; No. 3, an equally popular melody in F; No. 4, "Gavotte Imperiale," by Max Schroeter; No. 5, "La Stephanie Gavotte," by Czibulka; and No. 6, "Sweet Hills of Tyrol," by O. Cramer. All these arrangements are simple and playable, admirably adapted for the drawing-room or a people's concert.—"Evening Bells," a reverie for the pianoforte, by Oliver Cramer, is very far from one of his best efforts; the tune is hackneyed, and treated in a commonplace manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Sea Breezes" and "Air de Danse," by D. R. Munro, are two fairly pretty and easy pianoforte pieces, although neither one nor the other can lay claim to originality (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—This reproach cannot be levelled at J. B. Meiner's "Ebbrezza d'Amore," a *valse brillante*, which is well worthy of its title, and will please wherever it is heard (C. Jefferys).—"The Marine Exhibition Galop" has already won public favour in the north; Mr. Arthur A. Hunt is one of the few who can write really danceable dance music (Messrs. E. and C. Tiesert, Newcastle-on-Tyne).—It took two men to compose and arrange "Sixteen Favourite Hymns with New Tunes." William Hamilton composed the tunes, and William Hume arranged the harmonies; the larger number of the new tunes are not improvements upon the old ones. A few of them are pretty, and should be set to original words, which are not difficult to find (William Hamilton, Glasgow).

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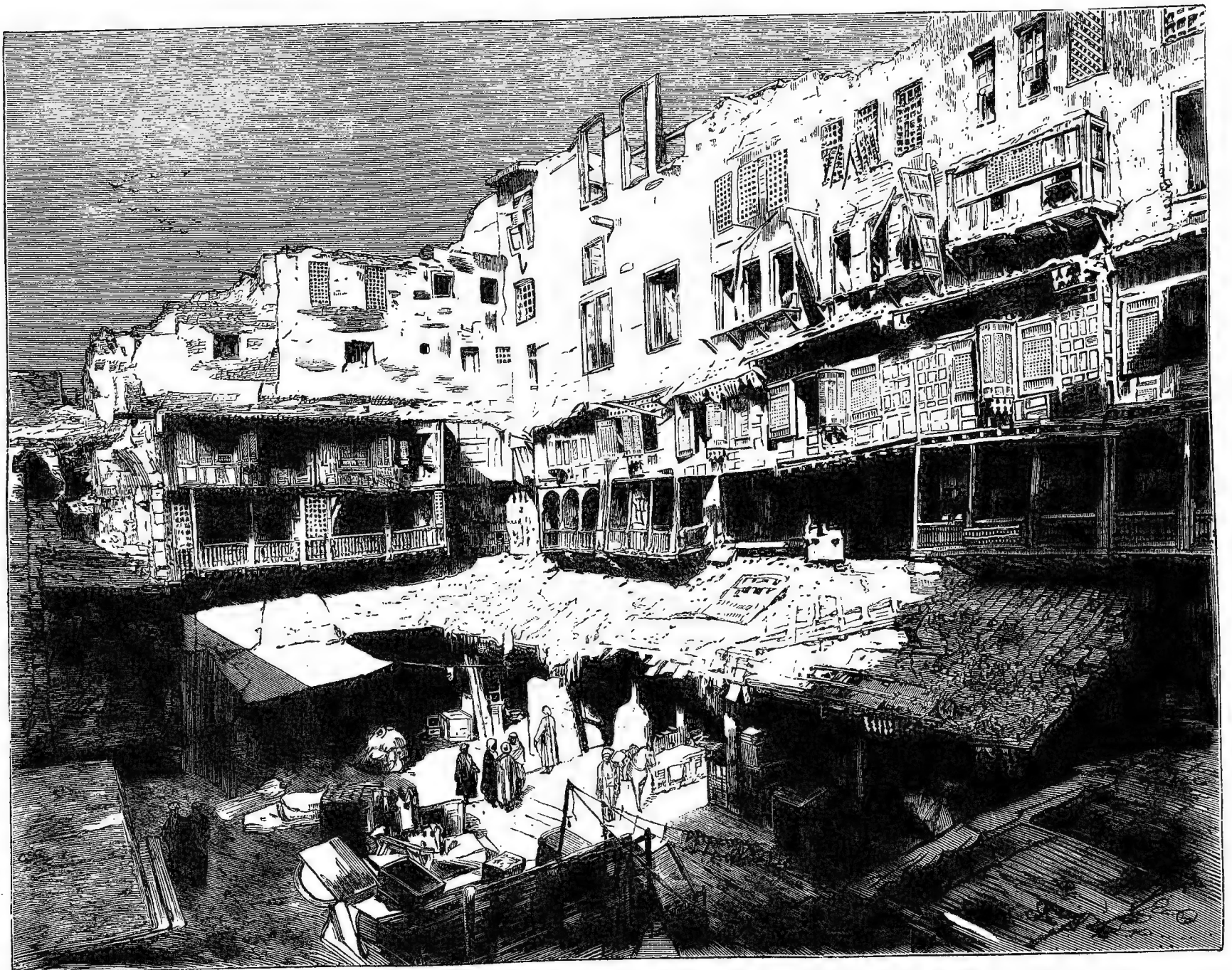


LIEUTENANT HENRY GRIBBLE, THIRD DRAGOON
GUARDS
Killed at Kassassin, August 28th, Aged 24



CAPTAIN JOHN CHARLES WARDELL, ROYAL MARINE
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THE WAR IN EGYPT—OFFICERS KILLED IN THE CAMPAIGN



THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE SLAVE MARKET, CAIRO



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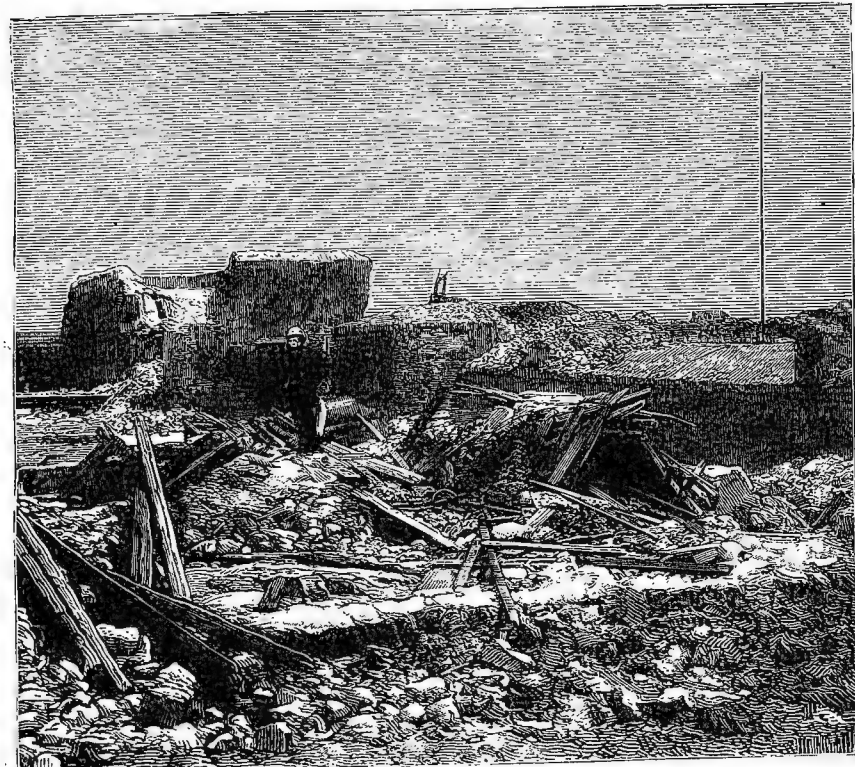


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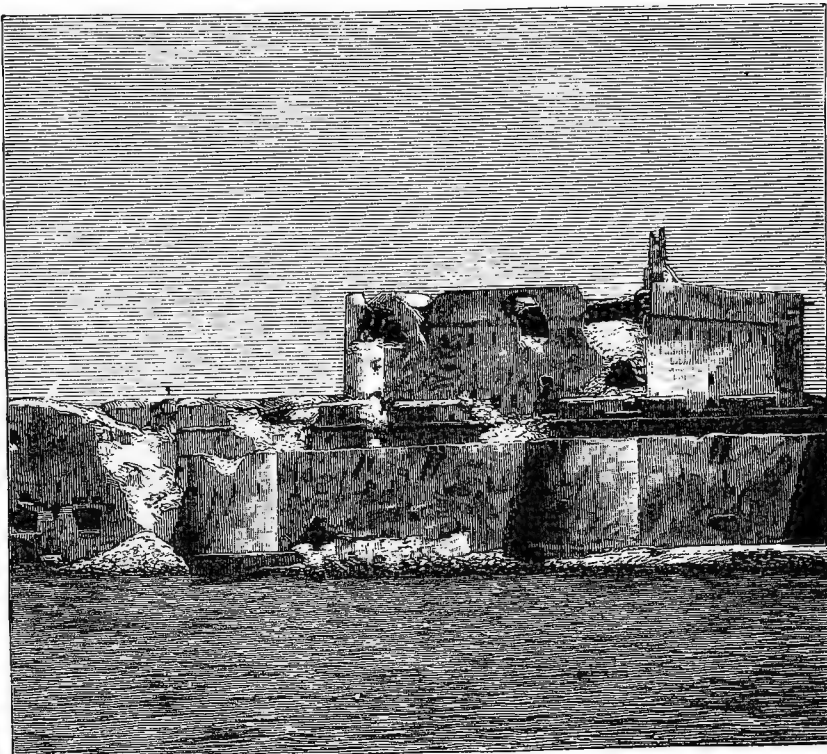


COMMANDER WYATT RAWSON, R.N.
Died at Sea, September 21, of Wounds Received at Tel-el-Kebir,
September 13, Aged 29

THE WAR IN EGYPT—OFFICERS KILLED IN THE CAMPAIGN



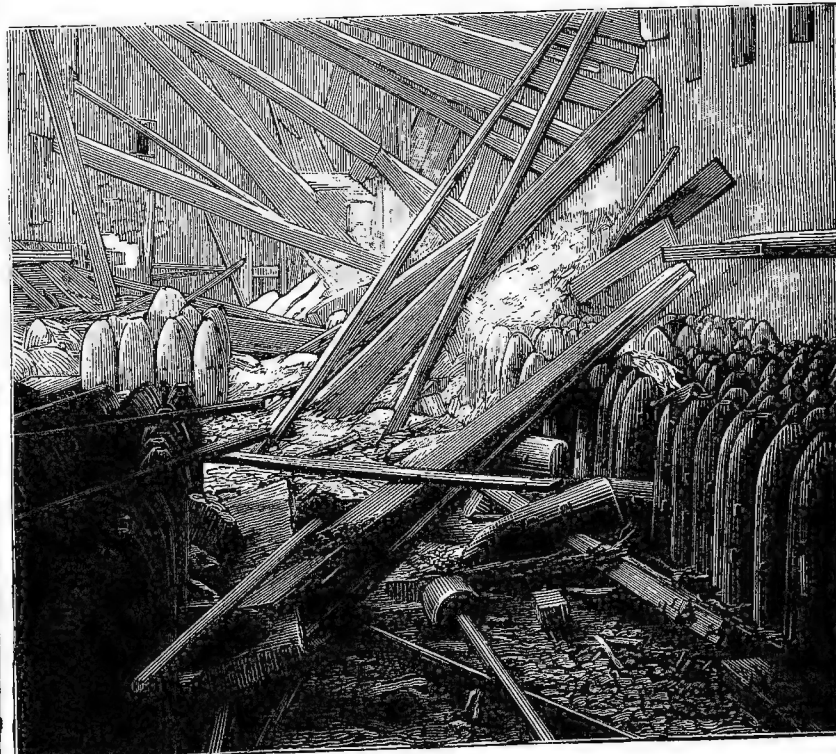
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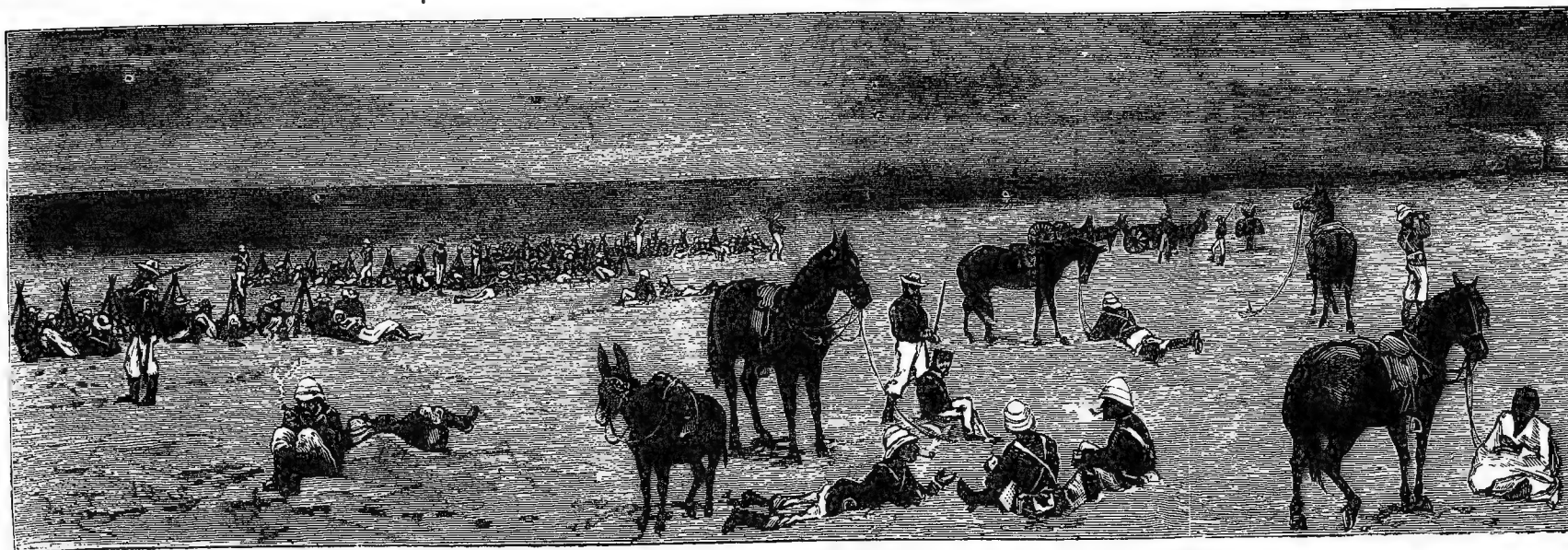
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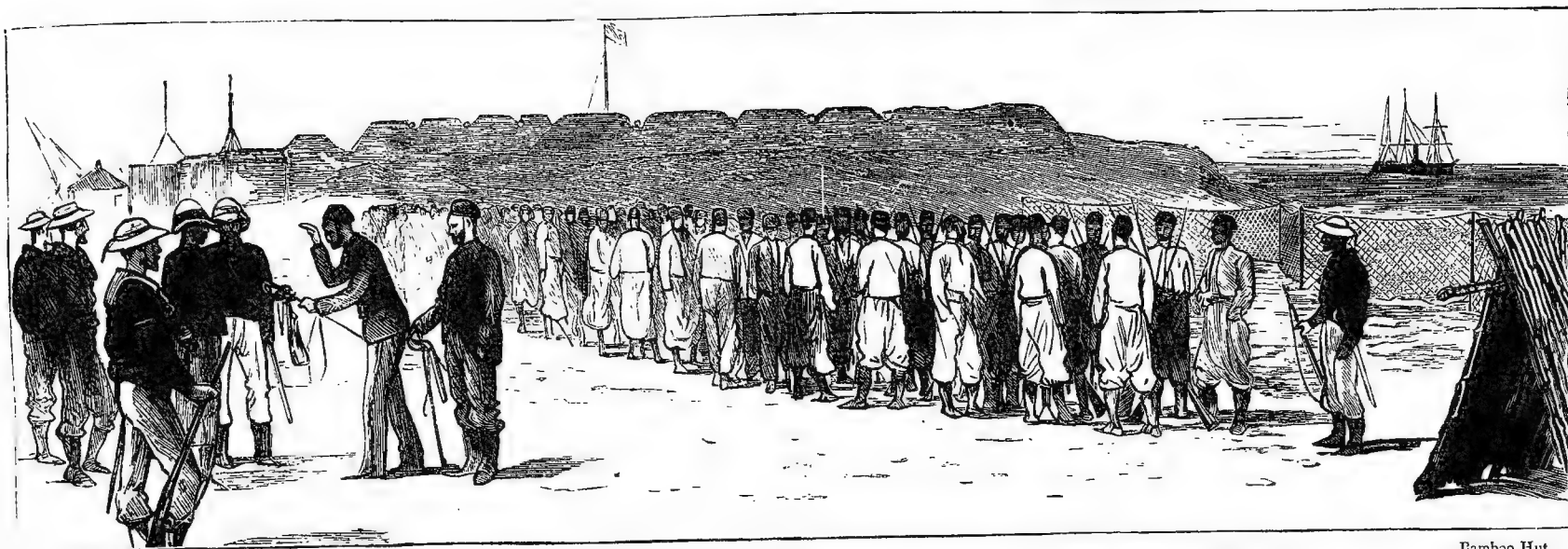
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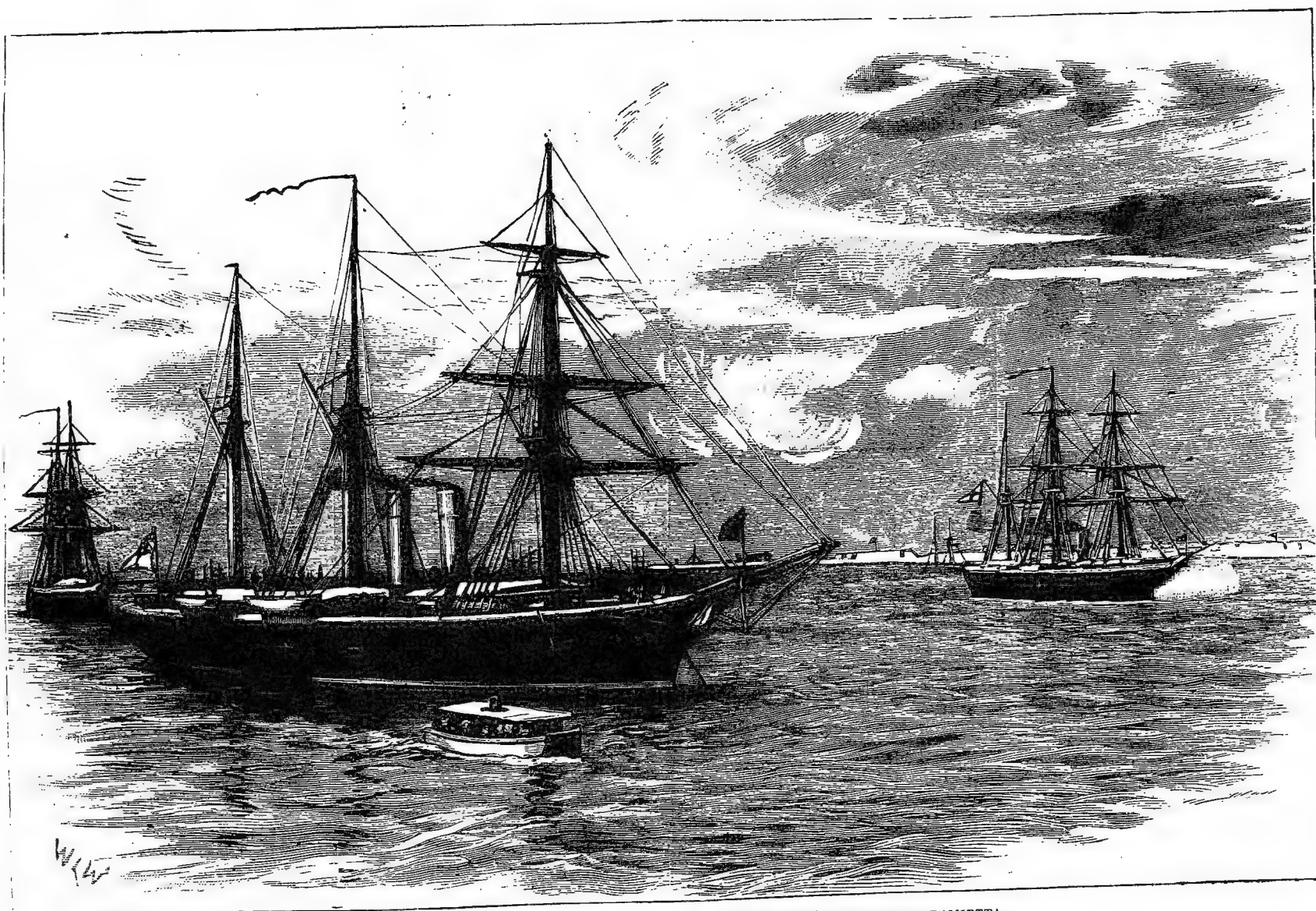
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From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

Bamboo Hut



H.M.S. "IRIS" WITH THE GUNBOATS "BEACON" AND "DECOY" BLOCKADING DAMIETTA
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO OLD THEATRES

THE Board of Works has of late played havoc among the old London theatres, a crusade, however, for which the public have much to be thankful, since it minimises the risk from that most terrible danger to playgoers—fire. Still, however, while acknowledging the necessity, one cannot help sighing over the disappearance or transformation of the old places where we have spent many a delightful evening in the days before the infinite variety of theatrical amusements had staled upon us, and when we found it more easy to be pleased than to be critical. More spacious stages, more commodious auditoriums may take the place of the old ones, but they will be cold and barren, the ghosts of the old actors will flee from them, they will suggest no memories of old favourites, the very sound of whose voices used to quicken one's pulse with expectation.

Of the houses doomed to transformation or demolition there are none that old playgoers will look back upon so regretfully as upon the Prince of Wales's and the Strand. Few perhaps, are aware that the former is the oldest metropolitan theatre now standing. Late in the last century it was erected for musical entertainments, and was called "The King's Ancient Concert Rooms." It was patronised by the King and Queen, for whom a handsome box was constructed. In the early years of the present century it was first used as a theatre by a society of amateurs calling themselves "The Picnics," who still live in some of Gilray's caricatures. In 1808 it was converted into a circus—it must have been a somewhat small arena for the fiery untamed steeds, but those were the days before *Mazeppa* and *Turpin's Ride to York*. It seems to have remained in that condition for some years, as we do not hear of its being used for any other purpose until 1820, when it was opened for dramatic entertainments by Brunton, the father of the beautiful Countess of Craven, and of the yet more celebrated Mrs. Yates, the unapproachable heroine of domestic drama. But though the talents of the lady first-named were brought to the support of the house it did not prove a successful speculation, and Brunton soon retired. We learn from an old theatrical magazine that in 1824 it had undergone a thorough repair, that it had been beautified and decorated in imitation of the English Opera House, for a French company, who had been very successful there during the previous season. In 1831 Macfarren, the composer, took it for opera—and failed. In 1835 the famous Mrs. Nisbett undertook the management, and gathered about her some of the best talent of the day. Fashionable audiences were attracted for a time, but the success was not permanent.

During these years the names by which the theatre was known were as various as its fortunes—"The New Theatre," "The Regency," "The Theatre of Varieties," "The Tottenham Street Theatre," "The West London," "The Fitzroy," "The Queen's," the latter in honour of Queen Adelaide. While known by this name its reputation sank to a very low ebb, the prices were brought down to threepence, sixpence, and a shilling, and it came to be known among the theatrical profession by the unsavoury nickname of "The Dust Hole," while the most startling melodramas had taken the place of the elegant vaudevilles and comedies of the Nisbett régime. The titles of these plays were curiosities of stage literature. I remember, when a youth, witnessing there a drama entitled *The Poison Tree of Java, or the Spectre Bride and the Demon Nun*. Imagine the feast of horrors suggested by such a heading, and the imagination of the most exacting could not have been disappointed. Only a vague recollection of this extraordinary work survives in my memory. I remember the Upas tree and people lying dead beneath it, and a churchyard scene in which the dead, evoked by the Demon Nun, rose out of their graves à la Robert le Diable;—and I remember that the villain—and he was a real villain, black as the author's ink could dye him, as the gallery might have observed, "a regular out and out." I remember that he was hurled into the corner down by the footlights about thirteen times by the virtuous but abusive young hero, besides being continually frightened out of his wits by the two spectres to whom he was an unwilling medium.

It seemed a forlorn hope when Marie Wilton took the house and opened it once more as a comedy theatre; people said she would never be able to overcome the reminiscences of the Dust Hole within, and the odour of fried fish without.

But she did, and poor Tom Robertson here commenced that artistic reform in stage management, that minute attention to detail, which has since been carried to its highest development at the Lyceum and the St. James's. No man ever won the bays by harder struggles. His unaccepted plays were once a standing jest among his fellow actors, to whom he was very fond of offering to read them—an offer which they were ever more ready to decline than to accept. He translated a number of pieces from the French for Lacy's "Acting Edition" of plays for very small remuneration. A manager, to whom he had submitted *Society* for approval, returned the manuscript with "Bosh" written across it; it proved very good bosh at the Prince of Wales's, for it laid the foundation of the fortunes of the author, manager, and theatre, and from that time a new piece from the pen of T. W. Robertson was looked forward to with almost as much interest as a new Shakespearian revival by Mr. Irving is at the present day. There was a wonderful charm about his works in those days, a charm very difficult to define, since it vanishes in the reading—an exception which must go far to excuse the actors who used to regard that as an infliction. They were so simple, so natural, so different to the stilted English and artificial French comedies with which we had been surfeited even though their naturalness from a literary point of view was at times too much in the style of Wordsworth's early ballads—that their truth, their freshness, their pure pathos, their brilliant cynicism came upon the jaded playgoer as a new revelation in dramatic art. And the method of the artists who interpreted them was as fresh and as unconventional as the author's conceptions,—actors and actresses dressed and talked and moved upon the stage as though they were in their own homes. Now this style of acting has become the rule instead of the exception, and, perhaps, we are growing a little weary of seeing young men lounging over chairs and hiding their hands in their pockets, as though they knew of no other use for them, and of straining our ears to catch inaudible mumblings; perhaps we are growing tired of seeing our own prosy life mirrored upon the stage, and begin to long for something more stirring, more poetic than these pictures of tame civilisation; be this as it may, I do not think the most enthusiastic admirer of the Robertsonian school can say that he derived the same pleasure from the recent revival of *Ours*, or even of *Caste*, as he did from the earlier representations. After all due allowance had been made for the difference between the first and last exponents, there was a sensation of flimsiness, of a want of power, and a vague dissatisfaction when the curtain fell that seemed to falsify old impressions.

But the old Prince of Wales's will be famous for other plays besides those of Robertson. That splendid performance of *Diplomacy*, in which we had the best part of the talent which now suffices for three West End theatres, will not easily fade from the memory of playgoers; and as a brilliantly popular, if not a very notable artistic success, the annals of the old house have closed very gloriously with *The Colonel*. It abounded with delightful reminiscences of charming plays and charming artists, almost perfect in their kind. Several of the last have gone over to the great majority—Young, Montague, and drolliest of droll comedians, poor George Honey; and the greater number are scattered never to meet again—on that stage at least.

Regarded simply from a material and utilitarian point of view it must be admitted that it was a cramped-up, stuffy old place; the beautiful decorations which the Bancrofts lavished upon it always

had a sham look about them, a suggestion of the tumbledown walls they concealed; they reminded one of a painted and splendidly dressed old woman. You could not help catching a glimpse of decay occasionally, behind the make-up, especially if you sat in the first or second row of the gallery, I mean the place they used to call the Upper Boxes. If you cast a look behind those, the delusion of gold and quilted satin vanished immediately. It appears to be doubtful whether the lessee intends to rebuild. I see the lamp has been removed from the corner in the Tottenham Court Road, which looks very ominous.

So short-lived are theatres that, although only about fifty years old, the Strand ranks third or fourth in point of age of the London theatres. It was built in 1831, and for a time went by the name of "Punch's Playhouse." The patent theatres still enjoyed their monopoly, and it was not until 1836 that the Lord Chamberlain would license even burlettas to be performed there, although an exception for a short time was made in favour of Miss Kelly. There are many ways of evading the law. We know the old saying about Acts of Parliament, and certainly a circus team, much less a coach-and-four, has many a time been driven through the theatrical licensing Act. Money could not be taken at the doors of Punch's Playhouse, but tickets of admission could be sold at an adjoining office. Farren was at one time manager of this house, but its fortunes were very various and seldom prosperous, until the Swanboroughs became the lessees, and made it the home of burlesque.

The extravaganza and travestie were no new species of dramatic entertainment when H. J. Byron took up the pen, but of the rollicking, word-twisting, breakdown burlesque he was decidedly the father, and the Strand Theatre the school; at no other theatre was burlesque performed with the same *verve* and "go," puns were fired off with the rapidity and precision of musketry; songs, choruses, and breakdowns were dashed into in an irresistible spirit of fun that carried you away with it; there was no pause, the thing never flagged for an instant; there were no dull intervals; you had no time to yawn, to carp, to feel ashamed of enjoying such absurdities; you entered into the revel, you were infected by it, as they say the monks of old once were by the music of the tarantella, and in spirit at least you joined in the choruses and walked round in the breakdown, you laughed and applauded until the curtain fell, and after that, if you were a man with a good digestion you carried home with you chuckling remembrances of a pleasant night, while if you were of a bilious temperament, perhaps, you called yourself a fool for being amused. But although the actors went into the absurdity heart and soul there was method in their madness; they, at least the best of them, seldom if ever forgot they were artists, or stepped out of the picture to crack jokes with the audience, or claim acquaintances in the stalls. Burlesque is a low form of dramatic art, but such artists as Marie Wilton, James Rogers, "little Johnny Clarke," and later on James and Thorne, and many others that could be mentioned, made the best of it, and relieved the buffoonery by really fine touches of acting.

Again, there was something to burlesque in those days, the absurdities and conventionalities that had been growing up for ages around stage tradition: the black-bearded bandit of melodrama, who invariably fought with swords that could never wound, and aimed blows warranted not to touch anything but the opposing weapon; the persecuted village maiden, who, in the most inclement weather, wandered through woods in short muslin skirts, silk stockings, and the thinnest of shoes, and was so immaculate that the rain could not damp her, nor the mud soil her; the villainous squire, in sticking-plaster boots, who passed his whole time seeking among the village maidens whom he might devour; the virtuous peasant, with the curliest of heads of hair, and the whitest of smock frocks, who never worked but always turned up when beauty was in distress; and all the other old lay figures familiar to playgoers, were laughed out of existence long ago. Why then continue to mock at their ghosts which grow more and more shadowy with each succeeding burlesque? Even the Strand had to give it up long ago in favour of the latest rival *opera bouffe*.

May coming playgoers pass as many pleasant evenings in the new and more convenient house as their fathers and grandfathers have enjoyed in the old.

H. BARTON BAKER

MARSDEN ROCKS

THE eyots on the Thames are good for amateur Crusoes setting up tents and believing themselves to be wild men of the woods because they have caught a bad cold in the head, and pronounce their "n's" "l's," their "m's" "b's." But amateur saints who wish to imitate their predecessors of the early centuries do not find themselves furnished with the dramatic material on the river. The paraphernalia of the true hermit of antiquity is a rocky cave on a lonely shore. Scooped out of the cliffs, such retreats from life are sometimes discovered in the Western Isles of Scotland. The discoverer of St. Kilda not long ago offered to occupy one of them for a period of winter months in order that he might take observations of the weather—a variation on the exercises of the original holders. But an ungrateful Government declined to pay his expenses. Saintship need not, however, be baulked in its humour. It may have its hollow cave if it goes far enough in search of it, and it may read "Beowulf" on just such a shore as that on which it was composed, the waves thundering within earshot and the seamews skirling with the shrillness of their tribe. To get these accessories the hermit will have to sail the length of the Tyne from Newcastle, step out at South Shields, and make his way to the cliffs above Marsden Bay. Nor is the sail on the Tyne so destitute of interest as might be supposed. There is a certain music to a well-attuned ear in the noise of the industry of its shipyards, and when the sun is breaking up the fog at Shields, and bringing into view crimson flags at a hundred peaks, and masts and interwisted cordage showing like a primeval forest in winter, it is not a sight to be despised. Ten to one, too, there will be the incident of a launch on the way down, not to speak of the fuss of arriving and departing ships, which give the air the flavour of a pine wood. Arrived at Marsden Rocks, the hermit must not expect to find things exactly as they might have been in the days of Cædmon. Though the inn is scooped out of the cliff he will have to put up with a little inconvenient comfort. If he likes to arrange for it he may have devilled kidneys for breakfast, champagne for luncheon, fowls and roast beef for dinner, and cigars and soda-water on a limestone balcony for the rest of the evening. That is, perhaps, a drawback, but there is no doubt about the cliff; his bedroom will be of hewn rock, he will ascend and descend steps leading to a lawn of yellow sand. The landlord is a man who was called to the English Bar about thirty years ago, but who laid aside his wig and gown to attend to a more remunerative tap. The grotto keeper of Marsden has naturally attained the air and ways of a genuine hermit. But he is so pleased with his surroundings that no guest feels inclined to wonder why he should have abandoned briefs to take up his quarters on that sobbing shore.

To reach the grotto inn of Marsden more than a hundred steps have to be taken down the face of the cliff—a soft cliff of grey limestone which it has been easy to hew. The first chamber is a bar-parlour leading to a stalactite tea-room to which a long suite of bed-rooms adjoin, some of them showing polished pillars supporting a roof which retains the cave shape. The first impression is that a little runnel of clear water might flow out from behind the pillars and transform the bed-room into a well. But the hermit who chooses his room is told that nothing of the sort has ever

occurred. A greater danger threatens from the sea. Looking out of the rough window in the cliff, it looks natural for these white sea-horses to stable themselves in the grotto. They are lashing an isolated square of rock which stands on the strand, some hundred feet in breadth and of a corresponding height, and it seems an easy thing for them to come in higher. But the grotto has long been safe from their assault. True, at times during winter storms, a wave has filled the ball-room—a spacious room, on a level with the sands, with cunning tortuosities and corners for lads and lasses who are tired of dancing in the centre of the floor, to retire to whisper the platitudes of affection. In the event of the sea making itself disagreeable, the hermit need have little fear for his life. He can get back to the little winding staircase, and be half-way up the cliff before any serious damage could be done; and, in the mean time, the pungency of a little risk makes his quarters all the more agreeable.

How to get through his time? That is a serious question, but if he is not unreasonable he may answer it to his satisfaction for a week. For a week he may be sure of having the inn almost to himself, and there is a choice of employments. If he be of an artistic turn of mind, there is much variety for the eye between the sands and the horizon. On the gallery of his recollection he may hang several pictures. There is an incommunicable freshness of ozone in the early morning when he rises; the tide is far in, and, dressing at his cave-window, he can see yellow-legged birds wading on the margin, or hovering, with golden light on their wings, over the seething foam. The waves of the Bay are as green as a clover-field, shading, however, into dark blue on the line of the horizon, where the steamers are weaving clouds of smoky lace in their progress to or from the Tyne. Before breakfast an hour is freshly spent in swimming from the ridge of rocks at the "Smugglers' Cave," where skeletons of dead men were once dug up. Then at midday there is the ascent of the tall rock to be made. It is about a hundred and fifty feet to the summit, and the ladders seem interminable. The hermit may or may not take a guide with him from the grotto who will tell him of the clouds of seabirds which once circled and screamed over the rock, and who, looking off the summit, to the perforation which is the inn, will talk of the fine old smuggling times when the district was supplied with ribbons, brandy, and tobacco landed and hoisted from that shore. Or he will give him the folk-lore of the bay, none of which is more than a hundred years old, and all of which has a strong flavour of tar. Then, in the evening, when the tide is flowing in again, and a silvery sickle of light has cast its rays upon the ribbed sands and the sea, and schooners are catching the evening breeze in their yards and mainsails, a cigar upon the limestone balcony has a peculiar charm of its own. And the sleep which succeeds a day of ever-renewed appetite, large feeding and sound drinking, is only just touched with the wakefulness produced by the lullaby of the tide.

Perhaps on the third day of his arrival a steamer sets down a pitiful of young miners, or a mixed society of puddlers out for a holiday, and riveters anxious for a dance. Then the cliffs echo all day long with the North-country tongue, lads and lasses go screaming up the ladders, and swarming on the rock. Swimmers, regardless of spectators, shout from the water; and all day the landlord stands at the end of running casks. The ball-room, with its raised *dais*, becomes a scene of noisy festivity at sundown. Nothing could well be more weird in effect than the sparkling eyes and flushed faces which look out from nooks and corners, on the whirling, pushing, and panting of the floor. The fiddling, precise and orderly at first, becomes more and more Wagneresque under the inspiration of foaming pots of ale, and there is an increase in the vehemence, velocity, and uncertainty of the dancing. It is the prospect of another and yet another visitation of the same kind within the week which makes the hermit call for his bill, and disappear up the limestone staircase to the nearest railway station.

THOUGHTS ON SOME RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

THE abundance of handsomely printed and profusely illustrated books with which of late the French press has teemed is a matter for no small wonder. Such a colossal instance of care, and taste, and industry as Charles Blanc's "Rembrandt," with its accompaniment of nearly four hundred etchings, in itself is notable; with the possible exception of Mr. Tuer's "Bartolozzi," there is nothing to compare with it produced in recent times on this side the Channel. But without dwelling upon a work which stands entirely alone, and which has already been noticed at length in these columns, we can find plenty of material for admiration, and perhaps astonishment, in works of less pretension, but hardly less utility. We have before us, for instance, five recent volumes of the new edition of the *De Concours*: "L'Art du Dix-Huitième Siècle," published by M. Quantin; M. Louis Gonse's elaborate biographical study of "Eugène Fromentin"—Quantin again; M. Charles Ephrussi's "Albert Dürer et Ses Dessins,"—once more, Quantin—which may be taken as a type of the magnificent series to which it belongs; and some numbers of the "Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains," issued by the Librairie des Bibliophiles. To these may be added the "Révue des Arts Décoratifs" (Quantin); and—to go from Art to general literature—the new editions of "Les Mille et Une Nuits," and "Le Roman Comique" of Scarron, both of which are *publiés par les soins de D. Jouaust*, and issued from the Librairie des Bibliophiles. All these publications are notable both in typography, in paper, in illustrations, in "get up;" but one or two, such as the Dürer, the Fromentin, and the volumes dealing with Eighteenth Century Art—with Boucher and Watteau, with Chardin, Latour, and the Saint-Aubins—are in some respects very remarkable, and suggest reflections not altogether flattering to the bookmakers, and booksellers, and book-illustrators and book-printers of this "tight little island."

The first impression which an inspection of these books produces is pre-eminently an impression of taste. It matters little which of them we take up. A volume of the "Arabian Nights," of the "Roman Comique," "Boucher," "Dürer"—one and all bear the pleasing mark of taste. The illustrations, whether heliographs or etchings, are not only exceptionally good of their kind, but, with scarcely an exception, are introduced with delicacy and artistic feeling. The initial letters and head and tail pieces are many of them examples of first-rate design, original, neither too bold nor too slight, and beautifully drawn with rare flow and subtlety of line. The very types are marked by a full, clear-cut beauty of their own; so that every leaf, apart from its literary attraction, has a charm which is more easily felt than described. The title-pages smile pleasantly upon one in delightfully ordered alternations of red and black letters; and though the volumes are dressed, not in gold and parchment, not in sumptuous suits of ornamented leather, but in the plainest of plain paper, they inspire admiration, a sort of loving reverence, and a sense of luxury and art.

There are one or two points about the illustrations which strike one more than forcibly perhaps. The first, and certainly not the least important, is that they really do illustrate the text. The plates in the "Arabian Nights" are a good instance of this. In the right sense of the word they cannot be called etchings. Though undoubtedly beautiful and expressive, they are too elaborate and too studied. They lack spontaneity, and can only be considered etchings in so far as they have been executed with the needle and the acid. But they are extremely able, as Lalauze's work always is, and they have the very great merit of realising with truth and something approaching splendour the scenes they are intended to illustrate. Another point, quite as worthy of attention, is that some of the



THE WAR IN EGYPT: "HALT!"—BRINGING GUNS INTO POSITION AT TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

mechanical reproductive processes are capable of surprising results, and in certain cases (such as the reproduction of the spirit as well as the manner of an Old Master's drawings) bid fair to run older methods completely off the field. We do not mean to say that in the abstract a mechanical process is better than wood or steel engraving, or etching, which are original arts, and, therefore, superior. But it is clear that a heliographic process like that used with such success in the work on Dürer, is, when handled by an artist, a very striking and a very expressive means of reproduction. If ever wood engraving and etching have to go to the wall in favour of heliographic and other processes, the fault will be not of wood-engraving and etching, but of wood-engravers and etchers, who, so far as this country is concerned, are just now nearly all on the road to ruin. This argument is bold, perhaps, and not pleasant; but to clinch it we can refer to recent numbers of English Fine Art periodicals. The conductors of these journals were not slow to observe the extraordinary merit of the French publications, and forthwith reviewed them at length, introducing *clips* of the more interesting illustrations. The *Magazine of Art* has been pertinaciously active in this respect, having noticed several of the best, not only with elaboration, but with understanding; the *Art Journal* also has not been idle. But whilst the result was gratifying and instructive to the public, it must have been rather astonishing to the able editors and intelligent proprietors; for the long despised process-blocks turned out both as art and as illustration far superior to the mispraised and dull elaborations on wood and steel and copper which hitherto have been considered high excellence. In short the process *clips* from the French books were the best illustrations in the numbers of the Art magazines in which they appeared. The home work thus contrasted with them was thrown completely into the shade.

Indeed, a general comparison of English publications in pretension equal to those French ones we have named (and they are by no means all that can be named) is not gratifying. And the best of our books are manifestly imitations, more or less, of the French. Messrs. Kegan Paul's "Parchment Library," for instance, admirable in many ways as it is, can scarcely be called a new conception, since it bears traces of French inspiration. The two most important Art books recently published in England are reproductions of foreign works—M. Muntz's "Raphael" and Dr. Thausing's "Dürer;" they do not count therefore. If we take another instance—an *édition de luxe* so-called of the works of Fielding, about which there has been a good deal said and written, and about which we shall probably hear a good deal more—we shall find the difference wider than ever; whilst the well-known and well-flourished "Great Artists" series sinks into insignificance beside the works on Raphael, Dürer, and Vandyke, issued by the house of Quantin, both in the value of its criticism, the accuracy of its history, the excellence of its illustrations, and the care of its "get up." Above all, our books are lacking in that quality of Taste which is so notable a feature of French books; and as regards initials and head and tail-pieces we are simply "out of it." In this country there are many books issued just now, the decoration of which, when it is not obviously copied direct from French originals, is absolutely innocent of either taste or fancy; and we have in our mind's eye some initials and borders which, for all the Art spirit they contain, hardly compare with their predecessors of more than a hundred years ago, when such decoration in England was about as bad as it could be. Cleaner workmanship they show, perhaps, and a more finished technique, but less invention, and less Art. But Art in England nowadays is in our mouths, not in our hands; there is much of it in our chatter and our scribbles, but as yet a precious little in our deeds. Will it ever be otherwise?

THE POND WE EMPTIED

"Eh, sir, but you should see 'em sometimes; girt brave fellows that come up after the bread like dogs. Big as dogs too."

Now "big as dogs" is about as vague as the witness's evidence, "About as large as a bit of chalk;" but I knew for a fact that there were very large carp in the pond, and it was impossible to help feeling a little interest in the proceedings when my landlord announced that, as the penstock was broken, and the drain stopped, he intended to set some labourers to work to cut a new drain, and empty and clean out the pond.

It was a large pond. How large? Well, to adopt the above-named witness's plan, about as big as ponds generally are; and it was pretty deep. There were mysterious places beneath the overhanging willows, whose roots hung in the water, where the hooked fish rushed and entangled the lines. There was that awkward spot where the old posts, and wood, and hop poles lay with their ends in the mud, where that great eel twined himself in and out, and the stout silkworm gut line parted like tinder. There was a deep hole, too, by the penstock, and various lurking places where, in the silence of the night, you could hear wallowings and splashing, and now and then a loud suck or smack of the lips as a fish took something from the top of the water. To an angler it was one of the most unfishable of spots, for a row of huts stood by the side, huts that were kept expressly for the use of the London hoppers who came down for a month or six weeks in the season, and who, upon leaving—after their children had thrown in posts, rails, poles, anything that came handy—seemed to consider the pond as a sort of Taylor's Repository or Panthecon, where they could deposit the household goods that they did not take away. The consequence was that old kettles and frying-pans, with such articles of clothing as were very much worn out indeed, and which generally took the form of boots, had at various times found their way to the bottom.

One morning, then, at breakfast time, the announcement was made that the work had begun, and on inspection half-a-dozen brawny brown-armed men were found picking and throwing out the earth, and making a trench in a way that would have made Sir Garnet Wolseley long for a few hundred of such fellows to form his earth-works. Deep down they delved day after day, till they had cut and laid certain pipes in a huge dyke fully fifteen feet deep, every foot of which was suggestive of the mysteries of the pond that required so vast a trench to drain off its waters and lay its wonders bare. There was a good deal of speculation rife about that pond, inasmuch as one that was drained a couple of years before proved to hold nothing but thousands of great fat newts that swarmed over the mud like alligators in a Florida lagoon. It was said that after all perhaps a carp or two and an eel would be all that were found, but, even as the speculative remarks were made, a shoal of small roach flocked the surface, and it was certain that the result could not be *nil*.

It boots not to tell of the way those men worked, as full of interest in the job as any one else,—it is enough to say that the pond head was reached at last, the new drain ready, and over the pipe a piece of wire-work placed to stay any fish from passing down; and at last the water was allowed to flow till the pond was a couple of feet lower, the roots of the bank vegetation and the willows bare, and dozens of slimy holes visible, such as would be affected by eels, water-voles and other lovers of such places in the banks. Ragged pieces of wood stood out at all angles from the mud and water, the penstock stood up like a model in old oak of Tyburn Tree, kept for the execution of rats, and the great wooden pump, with its platform in the corner where the water-barrels were filled, trailed its leaden pipe down into the depths like a monstrous antediluvian eel.

Night came, and all was still. Not so much as a splash to tell that there were fish within the waters, and the next morning the drain

was allowed to run again, the water rushing away in a flood, down through the alders in an old marl pit hard by, but hours went on and there were no signs of fish. Mud and to spare, and the banks looking slimy and strange. Tangles of wood that had lain at the bottom for years began to show how mischievous young hoppers had been, and one morbid gentleman present, in full recollection of quarrels and fights among the hop-gathering visitors from town, went so far as to suggest that the skeletons of two or three of these people would be found amongst the mud. But lower sank the water, revealing pots, crocks, old boots, hurdles, and rusty iron, but still no fish. Then there was a shout of triumph from one of the men at the sight of a billhook some six feet from the bank, one that had been dropped in years before, when the overhanging willows were being lopped, and there was no Mercury at hand to bring it up transformed to silver or gold. The keen-edged implement was recovered hardly the worse for its immersion, and, as far as its owner was concerned, the game of draining the pond was worth the candle. But still no fish, and, save in the holes, the water was now only a foot deep. There were indications though, for the simple running of the water off would not have made the residue so thick, and as some bubbles were seen to rise, one man declared that it was a "girt" eel at work. Another six inches lower, and here and there a dark line could be seen, cutting the muddy water, ploughing as it were along, while behind there came a wavy eddy, and it was evident that these dark lines were the back fins of fish swimming in the shallow pool.

"They be getting sick," cried one of the men, and if swimming at the top of the water indicated sickness, a number of large fish were very sick indeed, while now that the fact was patent of there being plenty of finny creatures there, the excitement began to grow. The remaining water grew more thick, and here and there the surface was dimpled and splashed by little dark spots where shoals of small fish hurried to and fro. Then as the water grew lower still, there was a cessation of movement, the fish seemed all to have disappeared, and they might have passed down the drain for all there was to see. And now preparations were made. Half-a-dozen large tubs were filled with clean water; a strong landing-net was placed at hand, with a couple of buckets, and two or three of the wooden shallow baskets, known as "trucks," or so-called "trugs." The next proceeding was for a man to descend into the slime at the head of the pond, and commence a trench, throwing out the mud right and left till he had reached the solid bottom, and thus going on ahead to form, as it were, a ditch through the centre of the hollow, a process which hastened the flow of water and soon set the latest doubt at rest. For before long there was a scuffling and splashing of small fish, roach leaped out, and small bream kept displaying their silvery sides. Tiny pools formed all over the bottom of the pond, each occupied by its scores of fish, while, in the principal part, the great carp could be seen sailing slowly and sedately here and there, all singly, save in one instance, where a monster fellow swam slowly in and out with one two-thirds his size close to his side—a regular fishy Darby and Joan. And lower sank the water, the small fish all splash and excitement, but the great carp as cool and calm as could be, retiring with the water to a pool that grew less and less until, in place of being single and in pairs, they were united into one great shoal that, if not like dogs, as the labourer said, were certainly suggestive of the backs of so many little pigs swimming quietly to and fro. Lower still the water, and the excitement increasing. "What a great carp!" cried some one. "Look at his back fin." "No; it is an eel!" cried another, and an eel it was, slowly gliding along through what was rapidly becoming liquid mud; and in a few minutes another and another, and then once more another could be seen, huge fellows nearly a yard long, and very thick and fat, going about with their long back fins above the surface, as they moved in serpentine wavy progression, seeking for some place of refuge, and then suddenly disappearing by giving themselves a wriggle and twist, and working themselves down into the mud.

By this time the ditch through the middle was extending fast, the water pouring off, and the landing-net at work stopping fish like shoals of sprats from going towards the wire-protected drain, and these were scooped out, placed in buckets, and from thence carried to the tubs. The men worked furiously, evidently as delighted with the task as so many schoolboys, though extremely careful about getting in the mud. But we soon changed all that, for the water was now low enough for the great carp to be reached, and the smaller fry of roach and bream were left for the present, while the men laid down planks upon the mud, and approached the holes beneath the willows, where it was known that the carp now lay. "Take care! Don't hurt them!" "Scoop 'em out wi' the trug." Order after order, as the wooden buckets were handled; one was plunged in, and shovelled out a great carp with a quarter of a pailful of liquid mud. No calm sedateness now. The monarchs of the pond had felt their latent majesty touched, and there was a tremendous splashing and plunging; the man who had scooped out the great fish was spattered with mud from head to foot; there was a plunge, and the carp was gone. The mud was forgotten now in the excitement, as fresh efforts were made, the carp were scooped out and held down by main force as they gave displays of their tremendous muscular power, and were passed up the side—great golden fellows, thick, short, and fat, clothed in a scale armour that seemed to be composed of well-worn half-sovereigns, and panting and gaping with surprise as they were safely landed. Shouts and laughter greeted each capture of the great fellows, only one of which was as small as two pounds' weight, the others running from three to five, and exhibiting a power that was marvellous in creatures of their size. Sometimes a great fellow eluded capture again and again, gliding between the hands, leaping out of the basket, and making furious efforts to escape, but only to be caught again till the last was secured, and attention turned to the eels. This proved a task, indeed. The mud was entirely forgotten now, and as the big landing-net was brought into use, and the great fellows that glided over the mud like serpents were chased they showed that they could travel tail first as fast as head first, and with the greatest ease. The landing-net was held before them, and efforts made to drive them in, but generally without result, or if they were driven in, it was only for them to glide out more quickly. Hands were useless, shovels impotent, and the chase grew exciting in the extreme, as the men plunged in their bare arms to the shoulder, and drew them from the mud again, looking as if they had gone in, like Mrs. Boffin, for fashion, and were wearing twenty-four button gloves of a gloomy hue. But lithe and strong as they were, the eels had to succumb, great two and three pound fellows, and were safely thrown out on the grass; the last of the small fish was secured, the whole of the water drained off, and nothing remained but three feet of thick mud. Nothing? Nothing but the eels that had dived in like worms. These were now attacked. The mud was stirred with poles or shovels till the lurking place of one was found, when, after a long fight, he would be secured twisting, twining, and fighting for liberty; needing delicate handling too, for these monsters of the pond bite hard and sharp. Deep down in the mud some forced themselves, but many were dug out, and thrown or driven into places where they could be secured, and at last, wet, muddy, and weary, the owner cried *Quantum suffi*, beer for the second time was handed round, and the empty pond was left in peace till daybreak next morning, when the remaining eels were found to have come to the surface, and were caught in the pools, where a little water had drained. And the fish? Well, out of consideration no doubt to their being uneatable in spite of all the cookery books can say, and their suggestions of regal ruinous sauces to cure their vapid taste, the carp were placed in another pond, the small fish in one less large, and the eels—saving the smaller ones—

which resented their captivity by biting pieces out of their fellow-prisoners, the roach, were killed as far as they would consent to die, and finally made spitchock, stew, and savoury grill, for recipes of which overhaul your cookery book, and when found make a note thereof. This is a true narrative of the emptying of a pond, and perhaps naturalists will explain why there was not a single little carp.

G. MANVILLE FENN

A STORY OF THE DEEP

THE watchful women stood at close of day
Beside the little churchyard on the height,
And saw the ship departing from the bay,
With white sails gleaming in the evening light,
Bearing their best-beloved ones away,
And ever still receding from their sight;
Till softly, over sea and hill and town,
The gathering darkness of the night came down.

And one young wife, of beauty wondrous rare,
Close clasped her baby to her heaving breast,
And o'er it flung her wavy golden hair,
As nearer to her beating heart she pressed
Its tiny fairy form, and held it there,
While tears stood in her eyes as she caressed
The babe; then sadly trod the pathway lone
Unto her solitary threshold stone.

And through the long night watches, dark and drear,
She wakeful lay, her infant by her side;
While ever fell upon her listening ear
The ceaseless sound of the retreating tide;
And through her throbbing brain passed full and clear
Her husband's words: "Across the waters wide,
Whate'er befall upon the foaming sea,
With the first chance I'll tidings send to thee."

The days rolled by, fierce storms swept o'er the main,
The angry waves dashed wildly o'er the strand;
The winds were lulled to peaceful rest again,
The glad sea rippled gently on the sand;
The seasons brought their sunshine and their rain
To cheer and to refresh the grateful land;
The winter passed, the spring smiled bright and fair;
The flowers cast their incense on the air;

The song-birds carolled from each leafy tree;
The air was filled with scent of new-mown hay;
The summer reappeared with sound of glee,
The happy children sported at their play;
But still there came across the flowing sea
No tidings of the good ship far away;
And many hearts were torn with anguish sore
For those who might return to them no more.

And early sorrow, with his ghostly tread,
Entered the young wife's lonely home, and laid
His hand upon her heart, and touched her head
With silver streaks, and spread a saddened shade
Over her features. So the fleet years fled;
And each one as it passed above her made
Its mark upon her brow. Still o'er the sea,
She heard the words, "I'll tidings send to thee."

The child unto a man had well-nigh grown,
When one spring eve they brought unto her door,—
Found in a bottle where the wild waves moan
With dreary wail upon the distant shore,
Of a far island, desolate and lone,—
A paper written many years before,
By the lost one who ne'er again might press
His heart's beloved in his fond caress.

In writing blurred by many a smear and stain
He told of shipwreck on a desert strand,
A tale of sorrow, suffering, and pain,
Death from starvation in a distant land,
With prayer to Him who rules the rolling main,
He left his loved ones to His mighty hand,
Then cast his message on the foaming wave,
And sank resigned into his lonely grave.

And in the paper old and worn there lay
Enfolded close a lock of dark brown hair,
She gently laid it 'gainst her tresses grey,
Then bowed her weary head in silent prayer,
Put from her heavy troubled soul away
All thoughts of earthly suffering and care,
Folded her tired hands upon her breast,
And thanking heaven softly sank to rest.

Around the little churchyard on the height
The melancholy winds sad music make,
Below, the sea resoundeth day and night,
As over sand and stone the wild waves break,
Above, the sea birds wheel their circling flight,
And ever in their course weird sounds awake,
And here, above the ever restless deep,
Beneath heaven's blue, she lies in peaceful sleep.

ALFRED CHARLES JEWITT

BAZAARS AND FANCY FAIRS are so plentiful nowadays that their promoters are generally eager to hear of any novelty in this line. Still, though many ladies will do a good deal for charitable purposes, it is doubtful whether they would follow the example of their Transatlantic sisters at a recent church fair in Iowa. Here the ladies of the congregation were enshrouded in sheets and sold to the highest bidder, who when he received his purchase was expected to furnish her with ice cream and strawberries.

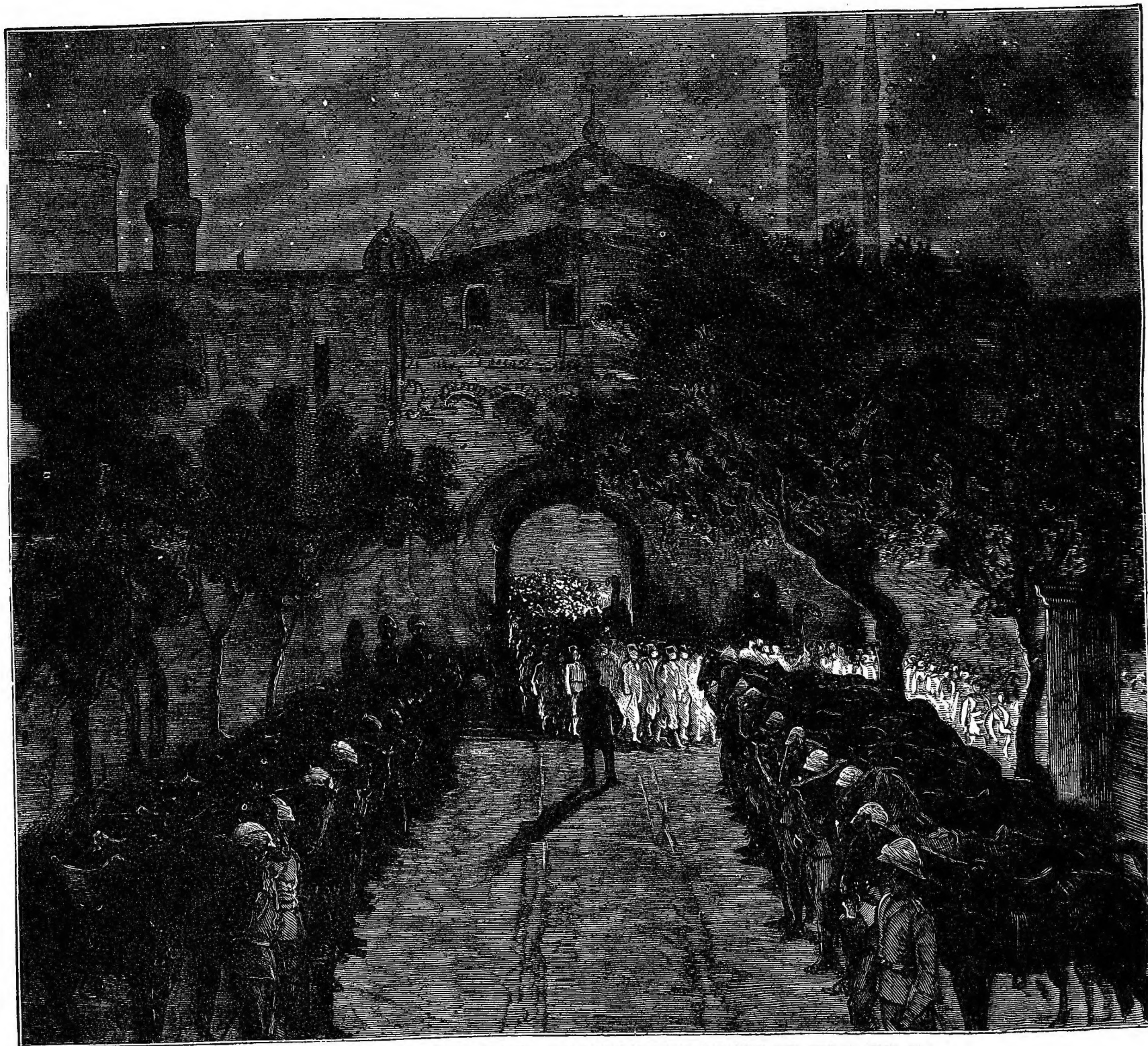
STREET ORGANS IN BERLIN are evidently not appreciated by music-loving Teutons, for the police are trying to abolish the poor organ-grinders altogether, and have strictly limited their number. Yet formerly organ-playing was even allowed at Court, and during the reign of Emperor William's father, King Frederick William III., several organs played regularly every night under the King's bedroom window, being rewarded with 7½d. apiece. Even when the King was ill he would not allow them to be sent away, and the organ-men continued their nightly concerts till his death in 1840.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE EX-GAUKWAR OF BARODA, the notorious Mulhar Rao, were most elaborately celebrated by his widow, who wished to show the deposed ruler as much honour as if he had been reigning at the time of his death. The ceremonies lasted eleven days, and after the ex-Gaukwar's body had been cremated splendid presents were given to some hundreds of Brahmans, the most valuable being a fine elephant with an elaborate howdah, horses, a number of cattle, a splendid silver cot, palanquin, and a huge umbrella. The gifts were collected at the ex-Gaukwar's house, and were taken in procession to the place of cremation to be distributed.

Egyptians Firing from a Retreating Train



THE 13TH BENGAL LANCERS PURSUING THE ENEMY AFTER THE CAPTURE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITADEL AT CAIRO—THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS MARCHING OUT, 10 P.M., SEPT. 14
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson

THE WAR IN EGYPT